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The Seamy Side of Politics

J. G. PRITCHETT of London, a plastering contractor, has by his evidence, given in court in Toronto, plastered the Liberal party for years to come. Many people have not read the acres of questions and answers in the daily press. Let me give here his evidence in compressed form. He swears that ten or twelve days before an election he used to come to the Walker House, Toronto, and there meet O'Gorman, Lewis, and Smith, the party organizer, to plan operations, the switching of ballots, and the buying of voters.

"What was your part—switching ballots?"

"Instructing men to switch ballots."

"Whom?"

"Deputy returning officers."

When he reached a constituency and had sized up his surroundings, he says that O'Gorman or some other person used to bring a few deputy returning officers to him, one by one; he would look each man over, and if he seemed to have the nerve and to be a straightforward kind of fellow he would instruct him in the gentle art of switching ballots.

"How many deputies would you train for switching purposes?"

"Four or five, eight or ten."

"Depend on the closeness of the constituency?"

"Yes."

"How many ballots would a deputy switch?"

"Four or five. The highest would be 23."

"How much was paid for each ballot?"

"The regular price was \$5 per ballot."

Magistrate Denison asked Pritchett to explain how it was done, and he said that when the deputy returning officer emptied the ballots out of the box, a Conservative ballot was called a Grit ballot, and the others would mark down the votes as the deputy read them off. The deputy was usually equipped with bogus ballots initiated in advance by himself, and marked in favor of the Grit candidate. These he could substitute for Tory votes, at the moment he was tearing off the counterfoil, and on returning the genuine ballot to the party worker who had charge of the matter, the deputy received \$5 each for all the votes switched. There were two ways of doing the work, both, one would think, calling for considerable nerve.

"How many ballots did you switch in West Elgin?"

"The other majority had been 17; we made it 21 the other way."

"Thirty-eight ballots?"

"Yes."

"In Brockville how many deputies were brought to you?"

"Eight or ten; but it was years ago, and I have forgotten."

"How many would these men switch?"

"Three or so."

"What was the average?"

"About twelve or fifteen." He mentioned a deputy named Upham as having switched fifteen.

Questioned as to where he got the bogus ballots, Pritchett said that he generally found them hidden in his room—under the mattress or somewhere. In one instance he found the parcel lying on the bed in Mr. O'Gorman's room. He was never supposed to know where they came from. He says that in West Hastings his superior officer was Mr. Vance, who brought three or four deputies to him; in West Huron a school teacher named Grant brought six or seven deputies to him, of whom he instructed five. Also he gave instructions to nine or ten scrutineers in putting on the double cross, by means of little pieces of lead under the finger nail. He also gave lessons in this art in West Hastings and Brockville. Pritchett served as a deputy returning officer in Brockville under the name of J. P. Johnston.

"And you were accepted, and you made a record as a switcher?"

"Yes, I turned a Conservative majority of 13 into a Grit majority of 27."

A storm blew up afterwards, he said, and Lewis told him to get out of the country. He was away a year, the understanding being that he was to receive \$100 a month, but he only got \$525 in all, and they still owe him the difference. "A member of Parliament, since dead," says Pritchett, "told me that the \$100 was drawn every month for me." But he did not get more than half of it.

This is the gist of his story. It has nothing to do with the bribery laid bare by Jerry Collins in connection with the Hyman bye-election in London, except that it purports to show an organized conspiracy against the people of

Ontario, extending over many years, covering practically the whole Province, implicating the men who, on behalf of the Liberal party and the Liberal Government of the Province, conducted the campaigns of the party.

Is Pritchett's story true?

Men of his stamp are not held in high esteem. But no man of good repute ever could have such a story to tell. The unsupported word of this man would be worth little; but his word is not unsupported. Why was this plasterer from London in West Elgin, West Hastings, Brockville, West Huron, South Ontario? What the dickens was he doing if he was not doing what he says he was doing? Did he pay his own expenses down to Brockville? Or if the party workers took him down there and made him a deputy returning officer under the name of Johnston, why did they do it, if not for the express purpose of switching ballots? If nothing were wanted of a deputy returning officer but honest service, why bring this plasterer down from London, disguise him as Johnston, and put him in charge of a polling booth?

In the Hyman bye-election, if the party did not know, did not desire, had not planned, for Jerry Collins to buy votes, and, as deputy returning officer, check the purchases he had made, why was a reputable Liberal ousted from that particular booth and this fellow put in his place?

Pritchett's story must be regarded as substantially true. There can be little doubt about his main statements. There was a conspiracy in the Province of Ontario to retain power in spite of the people, and without doubt, that conspiracy was successful for some time. By an organized scoundrelism, bye-elections were won against the will and intention of the electors. Contemptible persons sold their votes, and others who would not sell had their votes stolen or their ballots spoiled by a professional gang, skilled in this form of villainy, and well paid for it out of the campaign funds of the Ross and the Hardy-Ross Governments. George W. Ross did not know, Richard Harcourt did not know, John Dryden did not know, John M. Gibson did not know—no member of the Cabinet knew, the ins and outs of this dirty business. No public man ever does know what goes on down in the lower levels of politics—but the Cabinet Ministers of Ontario must have known that the London plasterer, Pritchett, and the London bar-keeper, Lewis, were doing something in these elections. They must have tripped over these men wherever they went. Why did they not know what they were doing? Did they never ask, and if they never asked, was it not because they did not want to know the answer?

This country cannot go on accepting the hypocritical pretense that the leaders of a political party so high above their own committee rooms that they do not know, see, nor suspect, the methods by which they win elections. Better the frank rascality and robust roguery of Tammany! Include both parties if you like in your censure, but it is time the people refused to countenance this hypocrisy—the humbug that elections are won in ways of which the political leaders are unaware. They know. If they do not inspire the methods, they permit them. If they do not know the details it is because they refuse to be informed—they deem it wiser to put these things from them.

One political party has been found out. The other can be found out. The Liberal party having had much of its miserable election record exposed, should contrive a means whereby Colonel Denison of Toronto could lay bare, in his grim, impartial way, the rascalities of the Conservative party during the same period of years. Let there be an all-round clean-up. Let us be done with this thing.

For years the dirty-handed politicians of the two parties have sawed-off election for election, protest against protest, bribery against bribery. Had murder been done they would have sawed-off murder against murder. In this trucking and trading the scoundrels of both parties were exempt from prosecution, bore charmed lives, laughed at the laws and at the poor fools of electors who supposed that they were choosing their own representatives. Decent Liberals look you in the face and say: "We have been forced to fight the devil with fire." Decent Conservatives look you in the face and say: "We have been forced to fight the devil with fire." Between them the devil has had it all his own way—nobody fought him at all, but both sides joined with him as far as their fuel allowed. The Grits were in power in Ontario, they had the money, they had jobs to give away, they had control of the election machinery, they could appoint weak tools

as deputy returning officers, or, if these were not bold enough, could replace them with trained rogues—over all they controlled the whole system of prosecution, and not a rogue of their own harbored a fear. Perhaps, therefore, the Grit workers went to bolder lengths than those on the other side. But the men on the other side, in their alleged "fighting the devil with fire," trusted their own cunning and the money they could rake up, instead of putting their trust in the people; with the result that they were glad enough to saw-off elections that should have been fought out in the courts to the filling of the jails. Exposure has now come to the party that no longer holds power, no longer possesses the money, no longer gives out the jobs, no longer controls the system of prosecution. Can the other party be faced with its share of guilt? Not very well. It is not in power for that. Its idea of justice is revenge, and its own offences it will excuse on the plea that it "fought the devil by the use of a little fire." In the Liberal ranks in the Legislature were several men as good as men are made nowadays, but not one of them was ready to denounce and destroy his party for the sake of honesty and morality, although there was scarcely a man among them who did not know all that Pritchett has told in his evidence, and more on top of it. Perhaps they did not know these things in circumstantial detail, but they knew them in a general way. Mr. Whitney has a following in the Legislature that is not composed of white-robed angels, and however the Premier and the Attorney-General may aim at doing cold-blooded justice, they will not do it—not where Conservative politicians are concerned. One party has been exposed; if the other is to be served in the same way, the Liberal Government at Ottawa must see to the job. It takes an unfriendly hand to pull the cover off election crookedness.

Men say that one party is as bad as the other. They say this as if it were a reason for doing nothing and allowing the whole subject to rest. But it is a double reason for reform. That kind of talk may serve when rival party managers are sitting opposite each other at a table, arranging saw-offs, and each granting immunity to the rascals of the other side, but the people's view should be that corruption should be exposed regardless of whose it is; that if there have been bargains as to mutual silence between rival rogues, the solution should not be the protection of both, but the exposure and punishment of both. If the reader of these lines is satisfied to have his party practise a little political rascality because there is a lot of it in the other party, he may rest assured that the curse of the other party is the fact that its decent men are as lenient as himself. It is this attitude that leads to a rogue's riot. If evil practices are countenanced at all, the rival parties are soon in a head-long competition, depending for political success on professional workers rather than on popular good-will.

At first local politicians welcome "professional" aid because it is distinctly understood that nothing more will be done than "prevent" the wicked men of the other side buying up the trash electorate—those worthless beings who will join the side that gives them free whisky or a stray dollar. The local workers in each party profess to act entirely in self-defense. Yet soon they grow adept, and money is used freely—an ever widening circle of men look for the crisp new bills used in this dirty business. The men who handle it become thieves—they spend only a fraction of what they receive, some imp or angel whispering to them that it is less sinful to keep it than to expend it corruptly. The constituency is soon controlled through its vices—its meanest citizens rule it, holding court in bars and dim-lit drinking rooms. When this will not do, when the trash voters are not numerous enough to off-set the turn of public opinion, the once respectable but now corrupted local managers of the party do not stop there. They are ready to embark on a scheme to steal votes that cannot be bought. The ballot box is their mark. It seems simpler, safer, and cheaper than any other method. If voters are bought, they may blab; but if you steal men's votes with your own hand, they know nothing about it. So crime grows from bad to worse, and each man having companionship in his acts, and feeling that he has the approval of his superiors right up to those who are the highest in the land, there is not even a desire for reform.

THE Ontario Bank is "busted." Owing, however, to our patent, interlocking banking system, the other chartered banks have stepped in and taken charge of the business, so that depositors and the holders of notes in



HON. C. S. HYMAN



REID



JERRY COLLINS



WYLIE



PRITCHETT



O'GORMAN



TOM LEWIS



MULLOY



TOM LEWIS in Court listening to the evidence



R. H. A. DUVERNEY and JERRY COLLINS entering Court

circulation cannot lose a cent. The Bank of Montreal (capital \$15,000,000) will wind up the Ontario Bank with open doors. No part of the loss can fall on the public. It will fall on the shareholders. In the meantime, although the Ontario Bank has collapsed, the bills of that bank are as good as the gold. This is where our banking system exhibits its chief merit. There is no panic. There are no ruined depositors. There are not tons of red paper scattered throughout the country, that, yesterday had an accepted worth of millions, and to-day has no worth whatever. The notes of the collapsed bank will go on circulating just as if nothing had happened.

Mr. McGill did it, it seems—Mr. McGill did it. Mr. McGill was general manager of the Ontario Bank, and it is stated that he smashed it, by going into extensive and unprofitable speculations, which he describes as investments. The bank's total reserve and a good deal more seems to have been wiped out before anybody connected with the bank, except Mr. McGill, knew anything about it. Men are going about town saying they expected this—expected it for some time past. These wise ones always bob up after the event. The directors of the bank did not expect it, the shareholders did not expect it, the brokers who advised their customers to buy the bank's shares did not expect it, the rival banks in town that have to guarantee the losses of the concern, did not expect it, or they would have got busy some time ago. Those who expected this smash did not count for much in the progress of events.

Last week, knowing nothing whatever about the crisis of the Ontario Bank, it was stated on this page: "We have reached a time when the irresponsibility of directors has made managers all-powerful, and sometimes managers turn some very doubtful corners in order to be able, once a year, to tell indifferent directors the one thing they want to know—how much the profits are. We need a revival of conscience and responsibility among men of the director class. They are trustees; they serve all present and prospective investors in the companies they are connected with. More than that, to their hands is confided the whole morality of current business." These opinions, I venture to say, will be heartily concurred in by the innocent investors in Ontario Bank stock all over Canada, some of whom have doubtless made their purchases since the game of ducks and drakes had been played with the last dollar that made the bank solvent.

Where were the directors? Taking in the beauties of the mountains of Switzerland, inhaling the breezes of the Atlantic, catching black bass in Muskoka, buried in the eyes in their own businesses. They were where directors usually are. They were around, more or less. They would come if sent for, and consider such matters as the manager placed before them.

"I could not go around every night and count the cash," exclaimed Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, president of the collapsed bank, to a reporter. "I had to trust the manager." True enough, the president of a bank cannot go around every night and count the cash, nor can he by a system of prying enquiry cast doubt on the honesty of the general manager. He cannot treat him like a man under suspicion of crookedness. But surely the president and directors of a bank, in duty to themselves and to the shareholders, should be near enough the daily business of the concern to get some trace of transactions involving millions and covering a period of months, if not years? There is a great difference between counting the cash every night, and seeing that every dollar the concern owns is not drained out of the vaults by a steady process. But perhaps it is easy to talk, now that all the facts are known. Assuming that the president and directors had implicit confidence in the manager, trusted him fully, never doubted him, only to find now that he was deceiving them and wrecking the institution—why did they not at once cause his arrest? Is it not because the transactions in which he engaged without authority were precisely similar in nature to transactions in which he acted with authority?

SOME of the shareholders in the Ontario Bank are very angry because the directors sat down and quit, and if somebody takes the lead there will be a legal fight. These shareholders feel that they have been sacrificed hastily and needlessly. They argue that times are good, new banks are springing up, all banks are making money, the Ontario Bank itself was doing a flourishing business and increased its dividend no longer ago than last June—why, then, did not the directors get some capitalists to come forward with a million and a quarter of money and carry on a profitable property? Perhaps those who argue in this way forget some things. They overlook the fact that the big banks would not lift a finger to save this bank, although willing enough to put on their black clothes and serve as pall-bearers at its funeral. In protecting the clients of the Ontario Bank and in preventing a panic, they are protecting themselves. They want no panic, but they cannot be averse to seeing a check put upon the tendency of every group of prosperous men to blossom out as bankers. This failure will act like a severe frost, and no more new banks will bud out. It will remind shareholders of the double liability they assume. Clearly the capitalists of the other banks could not be expected to preserve the life of this one; the most that could be expected of them would be that they would offer to befriend the family and see that the funeral was a bang-up affair. Leaving the other banks out of it, therefore, where could the distracted directors turn in order to lay instant hands on a million and a half of money? Every capitalist has his bank affiliations. In fact, only a bank could come to the rescue, and no bank would try to prop up and continue the Ontario Bank in the present circumstances. It wouldn't be business. To seek the money from various sources would have taken time, made talk, and let the fat into the fire. In short, when the Ontario Bank was put into a deep hole, its fate was sealed. Those strong enough to save it had no interest in doing so. Their only interest lay in exemplifying the beauty of our banking system in affording the amplest safety to depositors and holders of any bank's circulating medium.

HAVE you, as yet, laid in a wad of Cobalt mining stock? Or are you just beginning to feel the craze stealing across your skull and numbing your intelligence? Some of the daily newspapers are fairly afloat on the boom. The *World* especially has wholly abandoned itself to the business of working up a fever. A boom will come. No human power can prevent it. People will read, and read, and read, and in the end be convinced that they ought to buy a few slices of silver stock. They will have no trouble getting into the game. Some will make money—it does not matter whether they make it out of ore or out of each other. Nothing can prevent this boom, because it is impossible to deny that Cobalt is a phenomenal camp, with ore beds the like of which have never before un-

covered in this world. But do you suppose that you are going to buy for a song a share in any claim until the owners of it have ascertained that they don't want it themselves? If they do not want it, and if the experts and capitalists' agents on the spot do not want it, of what use is it to you? Probably there are some good stocks on the market, no doubt some of the mines are wonderfully rich—but valuable stocks will get into strong hands and the general run of investors will be buying and selling, at rising prices, wind and wishes, hopes and fears.

Cobalt is rich, but its riches are not being garnered in trust for every Tom, Dick, and Harry who can rake up fifty dollars and pour it into the hungry funnel of the mining boom.

Cobalt is rich, but its wealth goes to those who got in on the ground floor. The men who "saw it first" are not halving up. Not a share was put on the market until experienced men had probed every secret contained in the whole mineral-bearing area, and although some of the mines on the market may pan out all right, experience teaches that in a case like this, investors generally have to make their money out of each other. True, shares are going up, which may only mean that the boom is gathering in more buyers every day. Stock increases in value because more buyers ask for it, not because the mine improves. As for the mine itself, it probably basks in the October sun, a piece of raw wilderness, scarcely touched by the hand or pressed by the foot of man—a stretch of rock and scrub, much as it was a thousand years ago. There may be millions in that mining property. Certainly, with forty acres of surface and a depth that goes through to China, there is room for much mineral to be concealed. Sometimes mines have gone on the market with no surer "prospect" than that contained in this bit of reasoning.

There are some good mines on the market. But War Eagle was a good mine, and other Rossland mines were excellent properties. Yet men who were well off were ruined by the War Eagle mine, and men who, when the Rossland boom lifted them off their feet, were wealthy, are to-day clerking in stores, and lining up once a week to draw their pay envelopes. The last mining boom mowed down a lot of well-to-do people. There is scarcely a reader of this page who cannot recall instances very much to the point. It might be supposed that the disastrous collapse of one mining boom would serve as a warning against the next, but it does not. The glare of the Cobalt silver will blind men's judgment. As in our real estate boom of several years ago, men who hold out long will go in at last, just in time to get crushed in the collapse. Rich as Cobalt is, we shall probably see, now that speculation has begun, that more money will go into that wilderness than will come out of it again.

NOT long ago R. R. Gamay was treated like a man with the leprosy. Even those who profited by his sensational evidence shunned him. Those who believed that he had been bribed, believed also that he had been bought, had sold himself, spent the money, and then backed out. In fact, they regarded him neither as a good man nor reliable merchandise. There is a code in such matters, and the average man feels that if a fellow sells himself like a bale of goods he should behave like a bale and stay up-ended where he is put. It is a worldly, business-counter view to take of such matters, a sort of morality of the shop. Those who believed that Gamay told the whole truth and no more, that is to say, that he set a trap for the enemy and lured the enemy into it, for the purpose of making an exposure—even they looked upon him with some disfavor as one who stooped to a demeaning class of detective work, and soiled his garments in the task. Generally, he was shunned, but stared at. Now he attracts no attention in the museum of celebrities. He is nothing out of the ordinary. More astonishing figures than his loom up on all sides. Did he get hold of some money in a queer way? All men, whose accounts are examined, seem to have been getting hold of money in queer ways. Was a leaf gone from his bank book? Whose bank book has borne scrutiny any better? Take him all around, and he seems to level up pretty well with the leading men of the day.

Mr. Gamay is human. He is chuckling just now. This year of exposure is nuts for him. In an audacious interview in the columns of the *World*, he exhibits his delight at the discomfort that has befallen those who incurred his ill-will. He draws a picture of the Lieutenant-Governor dining with high financiers and discredited politicians—bank directors who do not direct, loan company officers who lend themselves too much, hammers of trust funds who trust themselves too far. He chuckles, jeers, scoffs. It is Gamay's turn to scoff. The wonder is that he did not break out sooner.

FORESTERS throughout the country are agitated by the revelations made in connection with the funds of their order before the Insurance Commission, and the following letter will be of public interest:

Editor *Saturday Night*—"Your reference to the resolution passed by Court Bruce, I.O.F., indicates the interest you take in the operations of the order. Such a resolution, however, can effect nothing. The subordinate courts in the past have been impotent to effect any change in the policy of the Supreme Executive. All that has been expected of the subordinate courts was to procure new members and send as much money as possible to headquarters. Once in a while, when the members of subordinate courts became lukewarm and indifferent to the growth of the order, one of the Supreme or High officers would come along and jolly the crowd and awake enthusiasm by offering a gold watch or breastpin to the one who brought in a certain number of members. Every year each subordinate court would, according to its membership, send a delegation to the High court of its jurisdiction. High courts have no legislative powers. Unless it is the year for electing representatives to the Supreme court, they simply meet, elect their officers, enjoy the hospitality of the town, draw their per diem allowance, contributed by their own subordinate courts, and go home. When the High courts meet to elect representatives to the Supreme court, which is once every three years, the Supreme court has heretofore seen to it that only men favorable to the Supreme court should be chosen. And, as a rule, a large proportion of those chosen were in the service of the Supreme court, that is, drawing salaries from the Supreme Executive. This has been the unvarying policy of the Supreme court for twenty-five years. Any man who had ever criticized the Supreme Executive could not possibly be elected as a representative to the Supreme court. Two months prior to the election of representatives to Supreme court in 1904, I intimated to the Hon. Dr. M. that as a past High Executive officer, I would like to go to Supreme court. The hon. gentleman said he was sorry, but that Bro. So-and-so was going. I said, why, the High court does not meet for two months to elect the representatives. He said he knew that was

so; nevertheless Bro. So-and-so would be elected. The word was passed to the paid servants of the Supreme court who had got themselves elected to the High court, to boom Mr. Bro. So-and-so, which they did, and he was elected.

"Nearly one-half of the representatives to the Supreme court in Atlantic City, 1904, were salaried servants and officers of the order. The 'business' was all 'cut and dried' and any man who had the temerity to oppose it was severely but diplomatically sat upon. The order's land deal with Hon. Dr. M. et al was submitted and approved of unanimously!"

"I have contended for years that fraternal assessment societies do not need a surplus or reserve. If, however, it be deemed more prudent to have a surplus or reserve, then I contend such surplus or reserve should be limited. The monthly assessments of the I.O.F. amount to about \$400,000, and the constitution of the order provides that a special assessment may be made when necessary. There is, therefore, no need of an enormous accumulation of money. Five million dollars would be more than a sufficient sum for a surplus and reserve. Anything over and above this amount should not be piled up in the treasury or squandered, but returned to the members as a yearly bonus or dividend. In addition to this, every policy should have a cash surrender value say after three years' existence. These are some of the reforms I have advocated, but the Supreme Executive sat on them. What they had they would hold, was their policy."

"The Government of Canada should deal with this phase of the question; and it is up to men like yourself to bring it to their notice and insist on more protection for the individual members of fraternal societies."

"I have omitted to say that while the Supreme Court, I.O.F., permits the High courts to elect some of the representatives to the Supreme court, it determines the number to be elected, and reserves to itself the right to appoint others to make up the full representation. Talk about London elections, eh?"

MACK.

Mining in the Yukon.

The Yukon mining camps are now in a state of transition from hand to machine mining, in the opinion of Mr. S. H. Graves, president of the White Pass and Yukon route, who has arrived in Vancouver from Dawson. Mr. Graves looks to machine mining to maintain the gold output of the Klondike at its present figures for many years to come.

"The Yukon is now in the transition stage from hand to machine mining; the time has come when hand mining has ceased to be profitable, and many hand miners have left the district and others are going out," remarked Mr. Graves in the course of an interview with the *Vancouver Province*. "The advent of the Guggenheims into the Klondike means that many others will follow their lead. Their example in investing heavily in mining affairs there has tended to stiffen the backbone of some whose hopes were not of the highest, and for that reason, if for that alone, the operations of the Guggenheims will be beneficial to the country. The Guggenheims are going into general machine mining, hydraulic and dredging, though dredging is the thing one hears the most about at the present time. As hand mining has become unprofitable, machine mining has come into vogue, and the gold output of the Klondike will be maintained at the level of past years, if it is not increased, when machine mining gets a good start. It takes time to get machine mining in full working order; in that respect it is unlike hand mining, where all a man has to do is to take off his coat and go to work with pick and shovel."

"Do I think the present season's output will equal that of last year? Well, that is a subject I do not like to prophesy on. Water is needed in the camps now, and should it come plentifully, the output will probably equal that of last year, when, I believe, it was in the neighborhood of \$7,000,000 to \$8,000,000."

Remarks by the Colonel.

No doubt the Cubans would ask for intervention if they knew how to pronounce it.

Local prohibition tends to lop off licenses. That's why it is called local option.

They tell of a man so bogged that he has no fear of being run over by automobiles.

Farmers around here would call Roosevelt blessed if he would change this spell of dry weather.

Hearst is making so good a run for Governor of New York that nothing can be seen of him but a yellow streak.

When Roosevelt's fellow-countrymen begin spelling words as they pronounce them, then we may see the good old English word "idea" spelled "idear."

A man who has a telephone and refuses to answer calls justifies his conduct by saying that he put in the telephone for his own use and not for the use of others.—*Kincaid Review*.

It is deplorable that frauds in apple-packing continue to be practised to the vital injury of the market both at home and abroad. The man who deliberately lies on his labels is a thief of the meanest and most mischievous type, and if the maximum penalty possible under the Fruit Marks Act is not severe enough to deter fraud of this kind, the law should be made more drastic, and there should be no pity in prosecution.—*Windsor Record*.

When John Burns visited Belgium recently he did not take with him his insignia of office, nor send an official letter on ahead through the Foreign Office. He went to the labor colonies, prisons, and other institutions unexpectedly and unannounced, but he was quickly recognized and all doors were thrown open at the words "Je suis John Burns." Every courtesy was shown to the workman Minister, and all information was readily granted to him.

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Social and Personal

Major and Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft are giving a
dance in honor of the debut of their eldest daughter, Miss
Charlotte Gooderham, in the King Edward, about the
twenty-third of November. Miss Gooderham's debut was
postponed last season on account of the decease of her
grandfather, Mr. Gooderham of Waveney.

Miss Brouse, eldest daughter of Mr. W. H. Brouse of
St. George street, returned from abroad with her aunt,
Miss Josephine Brouse, last month, and will make her
debut this Fall. She is also a charming girl, and the two
granddaughters of Waveney will be very popular this
Winter.

Miss Lois Duggan, the lovely, bright little daughter
of Mr. Henry Duggan, will make her debut this Fall. She
has long been the belle of the not-outs, and her sparkling,
happy face will be welcome in the ranks of the new but-
terflies in social circles.

A very sweet young girl, daughter of Mr. Arthur Gra-
sett, is Miss Gypsy Grasett, who will make her debut this
Autumn. Miss Florence Bell, of St. George street, is
another debutante whose friends will give her a pleasant
first season. Miss Muriel Jarvis, also of St. George
street, and only daughter of Mrs. Salter Jarvis, has al-
ready become known as one of the most charming young
girls of the coming season. Miss Jarvis, eldest daughter
of ex-Commodore Jarvis, is a graceful and popular brun-
ette. Miss Muriel Kingsmill, daughter of Mrs. J. Juch-
ereau Kingsmill, who is making her debut this year, has
had, like several of the other debutantes, the advantage
of an education abroad. Miss Evelyn Kerr of Rathnelly is
coming out this Autumn, and will probably repeat the suc-
cess of last year's debutante from that stately home on
the hill. She is a most popular girl among young girls, the
crowning glory of attractiveness. Each day adds a new
name to the list of young beauties, and each girl is sure
to have her own little triumphs and her own pleasure,
such as come only in the debutante year.

Mr. Allen Kerr left last week for Winnipeg, having
been ordered there by the bank of which he is an official.
He will probably be welcomed with delight by the girls
of the Prairie City, while his Toronto friends send after
him best wishes and many regrets at losing him.

Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander of Bon Accord, Elm ave-
nue, Rosedale, will not receive until the first and second
Mondays of next month, though a lot of people have al-
ready left cards since her removal to the north side. Dur-
ing the season, Mrs. and Miss Alexander will receive
twice a month, on first and second Mondays.

Mrs. and the Misses Edwards have lingered in Ni-
agara-on-the-Lake through this ideal weather, and I hear
the family will probably go to Montreal for the winter
months.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn left on the 9.15 train
on Tuesday morning for England. She sailed by the
Empress of Britain yesterday. Never has the lady of
Closeburn looked more charming than as she bade good-
bye to Toronto, in a most charming black gown and
hat, with a knot of pink flowers on her corsage, and num-
berless little *bon voyage* offerings about her quarters
in the Pullman. She intends spending the Winter *en
pension* in London, and will enjoy seeing her young sol-
dier son as often as possible. Dr. and Mrs. Warren and
their family moved into Closeburn immediately, having
kindly waited a day before doing so to accommodate
Lady Kirkpatrick, who had her niece, Mrs. Pilkington,
and her husband on a flying visit at the week end. On
Sunday afternoon, Mr. Percival Ridout brought Mr. Wil-
lard in for tea to Closeburn, and the popular actor was a
guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews for supper on
Sunday evening.

This afternoon the gymkhana at the Hunt Club will
attract a large crowd, should the weather, so lovely at
time of writing, continue in the same complacent mood.

Captain Harold Bickford having successfully passed
the necessary and difficult examinations, and being a
young soldier whose record pleases the powers that be,
has received a staff appointment, taking him to England
shortly, instead of to rejoin his regiment in India. Con-
sequently the farewell tea given by Mrs. J. I. Davidson
on Tuesday for her daughter, Mrs. Bickford, was shorn
of much of its regret, for Mrs. Bickford will not leave
so soon, nor go so far, as her friends anticipated, and
the contemplated separation from one of her lovely little
daughters will no longer be necessary. Which ameliora-
tion of the parting from Mrs. Bickford gave rather an
"Oh, be joyful" air of congratulation to the tea party.

Mrs. Bickford, jr., arrived out from England last
week, and is staying at the St. George. She is looking
exceedingly well, and is very proud of additional grand-
motherly honors, as well as of Captain Bickford's recent
success.

On Friday of last week, the smartest reception yet
held by a bride at the King Edward was the interesting
event for Mrs. McGregor Young's dear five hundred
friends, who arrived in their most dashing garb to wel-
come her as a matron. She wore a Paris gown of great
beauty, and looked her very nicest, as she met the ava-
lanche of congratulation and compliment her radiant ap-
pearance evoked. The gown was of pastel blue brocaded
chiffon, with exquisite lace train and trimmings, and the
mode the *dernier cri* in Parisian grace and fit. Faint
pink touches and all the artful arrangement of bow and
band which are designated "Frenchy" distinguished this
charming gown. Mrs. Mann, in the white embroidered
gown she wore for the wedding, looked also very well,
and was the presiding spirit of hospitality. Several young
girls, matronized by Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, who was looking
particularly pretty, saw that no one missed a succession
of delicious refreshments which a dozen or more waiters
darted here and there, dispensing, all the afternoon. The
buffet and centre tea-table were beautiful with flowers
and tinted leaves. An orchestra played in the musicians'
gallery of the banquet hall, where the reception was held,
and a very smart lot of people enjoyed the pretty func-
tion. Lady Kirkpatrick got back from the Hunt Club in
time to look in.

A very pretty house wedding took place last Wednes-
day afternoon at the residence of Mr. Harry Giddings,
near Oakville, when Miss Rosa M. Giddings was married
to Captain S. Percy Biggs, of Toronto, son of the Hon.

S. P. Biggs, K.C. The decorations were most elaborate
and displayed great taste. Only relatives of the two fam-
ilies were present. The ceremony was performed by the
Rev. Bernard Bryan, rector of the Church of the Epiph-
any, Toronto. The bride, who was given away by her
father, Mr. Harry Giddings, was gowned in white satin
trimmed with pearls, and wore a handsome veil and
orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister, Miss
Margaret Giddings, who was gowned in white net. The
groomsman was the groom's brother, Dr. G. M. Biggs
of Toronto. Miss Louise Champion of Brantford played
the wedding march. After the guests had enjoyed a
sumptuous *dejeuner*, and toasts had been proposed and
responded to on behalf of the bride, bridesmaid, and host
and hostess, the captain and his fair bride left for their
wedding trip via Hamilton and Niagara Falls. They ex-
pect to return home to Toronto in about two weeks, and
will reside at 55 St. George street. Notice of Mrs. Percy
Biggs' reception will be given later on.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto is still at her country
place at Kirkfield. Her daughters, Miss Ethel and Miss
Grace Mackenzie, came in to assist at Mrs. McGregor
Young's reception last week.

Mrs. Harold Featon Corbet (*nee* Cooper) will hold
her postnuptial reception at 40 Macpherson avenue on
Friday, October 26, afternoon and evening, and will be
at home the first Friday of each month afterwards.

The first large tea of the month was given by Mrs.
Williams at St. John's Rectory, Portland street, last
Thursday week, October 11th, and it was favored with
one of the many beautiful October days which have made
the month so pleasant. Mrs. Williams received in a
handsome black gown, with a large cape collar of ex-
quisite white lace, and was, as always, the most cor-
dial of hostesses. Her daughters, married and single,
assisted at the tea-table, and the Rector was to be seen
greeting friends, old and young, with the simple kind-
liness which indicates his sympathetic and fatherly feeling
for his flock, and many others who look up to him equally.
It was a grand reunion of old friends after the summer's
separation, and on every side were heard exchanges of
information as to holiday trips, ocean voyages, or sojourn
by sea or lake. There has been an unusual lot of travel-
ling this year, and people seem to have found extra pleas-
ure in discovery of many charming places in which to
pass long or short vacations. The cosy and homelike
precincts of St. John's Rectory formed a grand place for
reunions after, and discussions of the past season, and
very many availed themselves of Mrs. Williams' invita-
tion, until the rooms were crowded with an unusually gay
and animated party. Brilliant red and green of flowers
and foliage made the tea-table lovely, and other tints of
autumn leaves and flowers added to the brightness of the
rooms opening hospitably one into the other. Such a
number of prominent and well-known people were at this
reception that space fails to enumerate them.

Very pleasing to her friends, and doubtless gratifying
to herself, was Miss Rachel Gwyn's first appearance in
concert since her residence and study abroad, which took
place on October 11th, in Conservatory Music Hall, be-
fore a most smart and representative audience, which
fairly filled the pretty hall. The artist sang very well
indeed, and looked a picture, her fair hair and exquisite
tint being exactly in harmony with the pale blue gown,
and lustrous pearls she wore for her artistic debut. The
Government House party, with Major Macdonald in at-
tendance, honored the recital by being present, and had
charming things to say about it. Miss Gwyn is giving
another recital in Hamilton shortly.

Dr. Frederic Nicolai gave a 'cello recital on Friday
evening, October 12, in Conservatory Music Hall, at
which many lovers of the grand instrument and friends
of the young artist were present. It was a most enthusi-
astic gathering, frequent encores which would not be de-
nied being the rule. Among those present was a bright
little beauty party, including Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mrs.
Cawthra Mulock, Miss Dora Rowand, and Miss Adele
Boulton, attended by the Messieurs. Robertson of Cul-
loden. I believe Mrs. Reed entertained them at supper
after the concert at her home in Walmer road. Mr. and
Mrs. George Higinbotham, Mrs. and Miss Maude Cowan,
Mr. and Mrs. Harper, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, the Misses
Clarkson Jones, Judge and Mrs. Anglin, Baron St. Elmo
de Champ, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Pack,
Mrs. McGilivray Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. Northey, and
others.

Another recruit to the increasing number of lady
chauffeurs is Mrs. Magann, who drives a big car with
the skill and judgment of a professional. Miss Cawthra
of Yeadon Hall has long been an expert, and it is quite
a common sight to see a couple of ladies fair snugly
tucked into a runabout, or a more venturesome dame
driving her friends about town or country in some racing
motor. Most of the fair ones are, however, a bit leery
of country drives, without their chauffeur or some ama-
teur male expert of the touring party. A breakdown ten
miles from everywhere, such as might occur with the
monarch of motors, would be a horrid thing to happen
to a party of lady motorists.

Mrs. George Warwick went to Ottawa upon the sad
death of her sister, Miss Murphy, last week, and was
with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Murphy.

Mrs. Lissant Beardmore is back from Montreal. She
has been for some time visiting her mother, Mrs. Hector
Mackenzie. Lady Allen, Mrs. Mackenzie's other daugh-
ter, returned from England last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore are home from the
country. Their loss by robbery of valuables from their
home in College street, as well as Mrs. Duer's from her
suite in the King Edward, aroused the condolences of
their friends. Several other losses have been from time
to time exasperating and distressing to some of our *mon-
daines*, and it is hoped the depredators will be caught
and punished.

Hon. Adam Beck and Mrs. Beck were in town for a
flying visit on their way home from a delightful trip
to the coast. They attended the Willard per-
formance on Tuesday evening, where Mrs. Beck looked
lovely in a shirred white princess gown. Mrs. Buchan,
of Montreal, was another out-of-town visitor who at-
tended the play on Tuesday.

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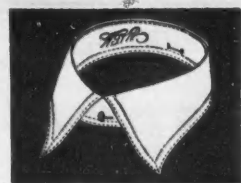
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Georgene W. A. Cook, 109 College St.
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THE TALE OF SOLOMON TRIPE

In the County of York in the good old days, When the ladies rode to Toronto on sleighs, With an ox for a horse, and a pumpkin seat, And a bundle of pea-straw around their feet, A quaint old man on a butternut mare Went jogging along on his circuit there. And whether the weather was dull or bright, He'd preach at "the earliest candle light."

He was ruddy and stout, and a champion bold Of the cause that he labored so hard to uphold. His heart was soft, though his coat was rough, And he'd die at his work ere he cried enough. But a grievous fault had old Solomon Tripe. He was far too fond of his old clay pipe; For he'd puff and he'd whiff all the livelong day, Except when he wanted to preach or pray.

He was seated one day beneath a tree, With his Bible resting upon his knee, As he pored o'er his text till his sermon was ripe; And he puffed it out through his old clay pipe. But footfalls made him gaze around, And, up from the old camp-meeting ground, He saw three preachers in Indian file Approaching in mournful and solemn style.

Very grave indeed were those ministers three When they stood before Solomon 'neath the tree, And their leader, an elder, with hair long and gray, Started in most reprovingly this way: "Ah, Solomon, we have been looking for thee, And we trust with our words you will not disagree, But we're greatly afraid that the smoke of your pipe Will be wafting your soul into Satan's gripe."

Here Solomon thought he had heard enough, And giving his pipe a tremendous puff, He strode off and left his accusers alone In the midst of a dismal, concerted groan. But he thought o'er the matter the rest of the day, And went off to the woods in the evening to pray. Then he sought for a sign as he went along, As to whether his smoking was right or wrong.

"Oh, give me a sign! Is it wrong to smoke?" Then, smash! into fragments his old pipe broke, And his ears were split with a fearful sound, And a sulphurous odor enveloped him round. "It's enough!" he exclaimed as he rushed away, And astonished the rest of his brethren next day When he told his experience o'er and o'er, And vowed he never would smoke any more.

Soon the story leaked out that some bad boys there Had pilfered the pipe as he knelt in prayer, And with powder had stuffed it for a joke; So of course you may know why his old pipe broke. But Solomon said he believed in the sign—That the boys were tools in a hand divine, And he saw that the sign was so very plain That he never would use tobacco again.

Ah, those simple days of Solomon Tripe, When the Devil lurked in an innocent pipe! No preacher or layman will find him to-day Wasting his valuable time that way. When the country was raw and crude and new, He did what little he found to do, But to get in fine work he's had no chance Till these fat, glad days of high finance.

HAL.

Amusing Blunders of British Statesmen

THE other day Mr. Bryce perpetrated a quite remarkable verbal blunder when he described the Irish Local Government Board as "a malignant fairy which steps in off its own bat." Mr. McHugh once accused the Government of being "ironbound with red tape." Another Irishman was pointing out that the Irish Land League was losing public support and had therefore to economize. "But, sir," he proceeded, "the well is running dry, and they think that by putting in the pruning-knife they can bring more grist to the mill." It was an Irish Unionist member, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who characterized a concession to the Nationalists as "the first stitch in the dismemberment of the Empire," and another excused himself for "repeating" a question in the House by explaining that he had never asked it before. Mr. W. Field, M.P., said: "The right honorable gentleman shakes his head—and I'm sorry to hear it."

Mr. Asquith was betrayed into saying on one occasion that "redistribution is a thorny subject, which requires delicate handling, or it will tread on some people's toes," and Mr. Balfour once spoke of "an empty theater of unsympathetic auditors." Mr. Gladstone, in a speech in the House, replied to an opponent who shook his head at some statement attributed to him: "No, no, it will not do for the honorable member to shake his head in the teeth of his own words."

Lord Rosebery on a certain occasion declared that "the keynote of the policy of the Government would be wrapped in that obscurity which the Government have endeavored to keep up." Sir E. Dunning-Lawrence asked: "Is this Government to be put into the melting pot that we may see who is to take hold of the handle of the ship of state?" Sir W. Hart-Dyke once said that Mr. Lowther "had caught a big fish in his net—and went to the top of the tree for it." In the debate on the London Education Bill, Mr. Walter Long remarked: "We are told that by such legislation the heart of the country has been shaken to its foundations," and Mr. Brodick, during a debate on military affairs, declared that "among the many jarring notes heard in this House this subject, at least, must be regarded as an oasis." Even more amusing was the assertion of another late Minister of the Crown that "the steps of the Government go hand in hand with the interests of the manufacturer."

When the impassioned orator lamented the absence of "so many faces that he used to shake hands with," he gave utterance to a genuine bull of the first water. The late Sir George Balfour was responsible for a couple of delightful specimens of bovine oratory. Apropos of a proposed loan from the English to the Indian Treasury, he emphatically declared that £2,000,000 was a "mere flea bite in the ocean," and on another occasion he stated



A PRETTY PAIR.

Nurse Europa—I've got a nice handful!
Nurse Columbia—Well! Look at mine!!

—Punch.

that "the pale face of the British soldier was the backbone of our Indian army."

A peer in the course of an excited oration warned the Government that the constitutional rights of the people were being "trampled upon by the mailed hand of authority." Lord Curzon once also so far forgot himself and his figure of speech as to declare that "though we are not out of the wood, yet we have a good ship."

A Radical speaker said: "The Tories keep dragging the Home Rule red herring across our path, but it misses fire every time." It was a Unionist M.P. who, in a recent speech, spoke to the following effect: "That is the narrow of the Education Act, and it would not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It was founded on a granite foundation, and spoke in a voice not to be drowned by sectarian clamor." Another political orator declared that "the British lion, whether climbing the pine forests of Canada or scouring the Pacific main, would not draw in its horns or retire into its shell," which recalls the remark of an Australian legislator who, speaking of the competition between land and sea carriage, exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, the railways are cutting the ground from under the steamers' feet."

A Moderate Councillor said: "The sheet anchor of the honorable member's argument does not reside in the mouth of the Council." Another County Councillor, speaking on the subject of dramatic licenses, declared "the ink is scarcely dry on our licenses when we proceed to dig it up in order to see how it is growing."

Some time ago an Austrian journalist spoke of a "black and yellow tricolor," but it was an English reporter who, in the description of a hunting accident in which a lady was killed, stated that "the deceased met with a similar accident on a previous occasion." Most of us have heard of the announcement which once appeared in a newspaper that "this evening's performance cannot take place. It will, however, be repeated to-morrow," which is worthy of being placed in the same category as the notice given by an Irish magistrate that certain business would therefore "be taken every Monday, Easter Sunday only excepted," or the announcement of an English mayor in reference to a local race meeting that "no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course except the horses that are to run."

Writing in all seriousness, a doctor develops a curious theory to explain the errors which are responsible for disasters on land and sea, such as the Grantham railway disaster, the collision of Admiral Tryon's flagship *Victoria* with the *Comperdown* in 1893, and various episodes in the South African war. According to the writer, at some time between the ages of 55 and 62 men lose their will power and judgment in a moment of crisis. This loss is only temporary, the psychological change taking place between the meridian of life and the commencement of age. Business men, according to this theorist, who says he has collected data to substantiate the point, show similar signs of weakness, irresolution, and suspicion at the same time of life, but when they are a little older they are again reliable and wiser in counsel. Rest and patience are needed.

Damascus, whose pedigree is the longest of living cities, is losing its character. An enterprising Belgian company is cutting through it with an electric tramway, and is sprinkling electric lights in its ancient streets. What is more, the motive power for these installations is derived from the harnessing of the river falls twenty-two miles off, so that no feature of the modern invasion is spared the place whence the Jew of Tarsus escaped in a basket over the wall. The British acting-consul reports that three and a half miles of the tram-line are already being laid. Meanwhile traffic on the Hejaz railway, which some day may reach Mecca, finds a convenient entrepot in the old-time emporium of the slow-moving caravan.

That the Eskimos are a most conceited race, and that their own opinion of their musical gifts is very high, is the view held by missionaries who have labored among them. According to a writer in the *Century*, when a missionary's wife played on the piano for them, they exclaimed, "She plays almost as well as we." This conceit of the Eskimos makes the missionaries' task very difficult, but the latter have, however, undoubtedly wrought wonders; for to them is due every advance made toward civilization, and the Eskimos have at least been taught cleanliness to a certain degree.

A curious feature is that Cymric settlers in the British metropolis concentrate their enterprise on only two trades. When a London Welshman is not a draper he is a milkman, with the result that practically all the draperies and dairies in London are owned or run by Welshmen. Incidentally it may be noted that there are some thirty places of worship in London where the services are conducted in the Welsh language.

A tobacconist of High Wycombe, England, has been fined every week for nearly five years for opening his shop on Sundays. The fines began at fifteen shillings, but are now seven-and-sixpence.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORRY
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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K. J. DUNSTAN,
Toronto, October 16th, 1906. Local Man.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



THE "LATE" ONTARIO BANK.
Head Office, Toronto.

Toronto, Oct. 19.

IN one sense the failure of the

Ontario Bank is the worst in

the history of Canadian banking.

It occurred at a time of great

prosperity, after seven or eight

successive years of good times.

There was no depression to

contend with in business, in which

a single move in the wrong

direction might lead to irretrievable

ruin. The bank was doing a good

business, and although its career

had been somewhat checkered, it

apparently had a bright future.

This bank, with deposits of about

\$13,000,000, was apparently con-

trolled by one man—Mr. Charles

McGill, an inveterate speculator. The

inspector of the bank made his regular rounds of the branches throughout

the Provinces, but when he got to the head office he ap-

parently was told by the general manager that he (Mr.

McGill) would be responsible for the condition of affairs

there, and this no doubt ended the inspection.

Probably there is a million and a quarter dollars loss,

according to the statement of President Cockburn. It

is not likely that this enormous loss was made within a

few months. It doubtless extended over several years.

The question is asked why the state of affairs was not

discovered before the loss had reached such an enormous

figure?

The Ontario Bank has several gentlemen on its board

of directors who claim the distinction of being as good

as the ordinary men of finance, viz.: G. R. R. Cockburn,

Thomas Walmsley, and the Hon. Richard Harcourt. The

positions of these men in the financial world would natu-

rally keep them in touch with things financial. The

operations of Mr. McGill in securities have been for years

the talk of the clubs and the street. Mr. McGill has

been one of the heaviest speculators in the city during

the past seven or eight years, and it seems strange at

least that this fact was not known to the directors of the

Ontario Bank.

There was one thing about Mr. McGill, and that is

he went to no trouble to conceal his gambling spirit from

the public. It is stated that his losses were very heavy

previous to the failure of an important brokerage house

here a few years ago. But why was such a man kept at

the head of such an important institution as the Ontario

Bank? No person of ordinary intelligence would allow a

speculator to conduct his commercial trade. Few men

know better than bankers

the small proportion of suc-

cessful operators on the stock

market. Mr. McGill is manly

in taking upon himself the

whole blame for the bank's

collapse, although he ac-

knowledges his operations

were in the interests of the

bank.

Directors of banks are elect-

ed yearly by the

Share List, shareholders, and

their business is

to direct and assist the man-

ager with their counsel.

Shareholders naturally look

to them for the proper con-

duct of the business. The Ontario

Bank had a widely

distributed share list, with a large

number of small holders.

At the first of the present year there were about 540

individual shareholders, and 480 held less than \$5,000

each of stock at par. The seven directors of the bank

together hold only \$81,700 par value of stock, a rather

small amount for an institution with a paid-up capital of

\$1,500,000. The largest individual shareholders were Sir

W. C. Macdonald, with stock amounting to \$45,000; Lord

Strathcona, with \$41,000; G. R. R. Cockburn, with \$31,

700, and Miss Elizabeth Lumsden, of Newcastle,

with \$26,000. Mr. Charles McGill is down for \$30,500

par value, and also for \$39,033 in trust.

There certainly was no excuse for Mr. McGill's opera-

tions in stocks with the bank's money, nor was there

any excuse for the directors allowing these unauthorized

speculations. The exceptionally good times in Canada

extending now over a period of eight years, have greatly

added to the values of the leading products and securities,

and in many cases banks have profited largely in this way.

Assets that ten years ago were considered valueless, have

turned out to be very profitable. The Ontario Bank must

have benefited largely through such accounts. If the

general business of the bank was not more profitable this

year than in the '90's, why had the dividends to share-

holders been increased from 5 to 7 per cent. per annum?

The directors of the Ontario Bank held stock in that cor-

poration to the extent of only \$81,500 par value,

A Small rather insignificant amount. Among them are

Stake. some wealthy men; such, for instance, as Don-

ald Mackay, G. R. R. Cockburn, Richard Har-

court, and Thomas Walmsley. The others are John

Flett, R. D. Perry, and R. Grass, the latter being until

recently a resident of Peterborough. Two of these,

Thomas Walmsley and John Flett, qualified as directors

by holding only \$5,000 stock each. This is an absurdly

small amount to qualify on for such a responsible posi-

tion, although we believe it is within the meaning of the

Act.

The present state of affairs being brought about by enor-

mous losses in the New York stock mar-

ket, the shareholders seem to be justified

Sacrificed. in taking action against the directors

for sacrificing their interests by selling

the bank's business to a rival concern without the consent

of the shareholders. The Ontario Bank has been in busi-

ness over forty years, and as far as known was doing a

large and profitable trade. Yet the owners were not con-

sulted as to the wisest policy to pursue after they had

learned of the large sums they had been defrauded out of

by a dishonest official. Had President Cockburn full

power to act? As soon as he learned that the losses could

not be withheld from the shareholders, he immediately

really needed to go out of business? It was all done be-

fore he knew anything about it, and without giving him a

chance to protect himself.

The Ontario Bank has had its vicissitudes. There was

a reorganization eleven years ago, when

its capital was reduced one-third. Mr.

McGill claims that the business of the

bank has suffered some because the knifing process at

that time was not deep enough. From 1898 to 1906, how-

ever, the reserve fund of the bank increased from \$85,000

to \$700,000, and dividends were increased from 5 to the

rate of 7 per cent. during the same period. In the year

1881, there was a change in the management of the On-

tario Bank, owing to losses sustained in depressed times.

Bad debts had been contracted, and after a searching ex-

amination it was decided to pass the dividend on the

stock, and reduce the capital 50 per cent. In that year

the stock fell from 103½ to 55, the latter being about the

figure the stock dropped to about the time Mr. McGill

became general manager.

Montreal, Oct. 18.

THE Ontario Bank episode has naturally attracted the

lion's share of attention during the past week. The

first intimation the general public had that all was not

right with this institution was through the columns of a

Montreal afternoon newspaper. In the "Street" on the

day in question there were vague rumors that something

was the matter with the Ontario Bank; just what no one

appeared to know. Then someone connected the Bank of

Montreal with the matter, and Mr. Vincent McCreith,

assistant general manager of the Bank of Montreal, in

the hands of a skillful reporter, let out just sufficient to

hang the story on. It now develops that the executive

officers of the Ontario Bank, realizing their position, had

gone to the Bank of Montreal in the hope of gaining aid,

and this was accorded in the manner which is now public

property. Imagine the feelings of the Ontario Bank man-

agers when they appeared before Mr. Clouston of the

Bank of Montreal with the statement that they were

\$1,250,000 in the hole?

All this reminds one of the various other banks which

have gone to the wall within the past dozen years or so,

and the fact that in nearly every instance the presidents

of these institutions have been almost the last to learn

the truth of the hollow, financial hulks over which they

presided. This was true of the Banque du Peuple, and

again of the Ville Marie. The last-named bank closed

its doors in July, 1899, completely wrecked, as the result

of one of the worst plots that ever came to light in Can-

ada's banking world. Old William Weir, president of

the bank, now dead, was then an old man; too old for

the cares of such an institution, and trusting implicitly

those about him. Ferdinand Lemieux, cashier of the

Ville Marie Bank, was at the bottom of it all. For his

share he served a term, and now walks the streets and

haunts the "bucket" shops, a wreck of his former self.

As in the case of McGill, Lemieux's undoing was the

stock market. He began by taking a flyer for a few hun-

dred, to follow it along with thousands as the market

went against him. Then tens of thousands; until, when

the bank's legitimate funds became scarce, Lemieux

plunged his hands into the surplus stock of bank bills, and

so, when the bank finally went under that day in 1899,

the note circulation was in reality \$555,000, in place of

\$214,000, as the statement indicated. But this was not

all done by Lemieux, for implicated with him were James

Baxter, a grey-haired, smooth individual, and James Her-

bert, the young teller, who was a cat's-paw in the hands

of the older men.

Baxter's part of the proceedings was to borrow un-

limited amounts upon the poorest of securities or no se-

curity at all, while Herbert was guilty in the fact that he

led into temptation by two men old enough to be his

father, borrowed a few hundred from the till, knowing all

the time that Lemieux was robbing the bank of thousands

at a lick. All the while William Weir, already past his

four score years, sat in his back office in fancied security.

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YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING

XXVII.



LIEUTENANT COLIN CAMPBELL MCLENNAN,
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Sheridan entertained Mrs. Crane and her hostess, Mrs. Boone, at a pretty impromptu luncheon on Tuesday. I hear that Lieutenant C. A. Boone will be home shortly on two months' leave from his regiment in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth have taken possession of "Whispers," Mr. W. S. Andrews' residence, which they have rented furnished for the winter.

Mrs. Soames, who was, a couple of summers ago, so popular a visitor from the north, is again in town, and is to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Hills, at the Alexandra.

Preparations for the various November weddings are going merrily on. Miss Norma Stevens and Mr. Leigh Hammond's will soon be at hand, and Miss Annie Michie's to Mr. James Cantlie of Winnipeg is one a great many are looking forward to. Mrs. Frank Polson is to be Miss Annie Michie's matron of honor, and Miss Elise Mortimer Clark and Miss Michie, a sister, are to be bridesmaids.

Mrs. Frederick Munroe, 71 D'Arcy street, will receive for the first time this season on Wednesday, November 7, and on Wednesdays afterwards.

Miss Mary Steers was in town this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Monahan, of Breadalbane street. Mrs. William Steers, her mother, is now living in New York.

Miss Rella Sims is spending two months in Winnipeg. Mrs. and Miss Young of Hazelton avenue have joined Dr. Young in Winnipeg. Miss Helen McCaul and Miss Dixon, whose fame for artistic photography is wide, have come from England to New York, where they have opened a studio. Miss Nanno Hughes is at Atlantic City with her sister, Mrs. O'Connor. Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson, who has been quite ill, is convalescing at Atlantic City. Mrs. Hugh Lumsden is in town, en route from her summer place to the Capital. Mrs. Rowan Kertland is back from Chicago. Mrs. Stewart Houston is home from Allandale.

The Autumn Tea, given by the Women's Literary Society, at 'Varsity, last Saturday, was quite a large function, and its diversity from the common or garden tea gives it always its distinction. Miss Van der Smitten received the guests, members of the faculty's wives and some privileged outsiders, and after the reception in the East Hall, the officers of the "Lit" and others prominent among the 'Varsity girls, escorted their guests to the West Hall, which was filled with tiny quartette tables, spread with crepe covers painted in autumn leaves, and centered with vases holding barberries, tinted foliage, and autumn flowers. Many waitresses deftly served tea, sandwiches, lemonade, and cake. Miss Johnson was toastmistress. Mrs. McCurdy and Miss Benson of Port Hope spoke delightfully, and Miss Rothwell, one of the "Freshies," made her maiden effort in fetching confusion. A sweet-voiced singer, Miss McKinnon, contributed to the interest of the programme, and I hear that at its close a college song awoke the echoes. It would contribute greatly to the peace of mind of the guests if these dear girls would set their Autumn Tea half an hour earlier, as then some of us who were obliged to miss the latter exercises on account of dinner or other engagements might enjoy them to the finish.

Dr. Hardy, who has had an attack of appendicitis, is recovering very nicely from the operation consequent upon his illness, and will soon be all right.

Mayor and Mrs. Coatsworth are back from Atlantic City. His Worship quite recovered from his illness.

Lord Hawke, who was one of the visitors in town last week, has left for the Western States. He was one of Mrs. McGregor Young's callers on Friday, coming in with Mrs. Fisk, and is looking very well indeed.

There was a small informal dance at Deancroft on Wednesday evening, for some of Miss Gooderham's young friends.

Congratulations came from all quarters to Mr. Justice Riddell on his elevation to the Bench. Mrs. Riddell being temporarily secluded from social doings on account of mourning, will not probably take her place in the gay world until later in the season. Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Montreal spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell.

The first few teas of the autumn season generally have an atmosphere of jollity and a brightness of interest

which are lacking in later festivities; and when the weather is mild enough for doors and windows to be ajar and that rare blessing of winter teas, fresh air, is freely given entree, there seems to be nothing pleasanter than the gathering together of a hundred or more bright women and girls in some handsome home. On Tuesday Mrs. J. I. Davidson and Mrs. Harold Bickford received in this fashion, and the *mise en scene* at half-past five was brilliant, women in captivating new gowns and chic hats, *frou-frou* of silk, and softening of fine laces, every possible sort of headgear, from the saucy tricorn and trying new boat-shaped turban to the ever graceful Gainsboro with sweeping lines and drooping plumes, lace gowns, homespun suits, rich velvet robes, dainty silks, the entire gamut of fashion was run, with the effect of richness, beauty and style, quite worthy of Gotham, and in the first freshness of the early season, women looked ten years younger, and girls radiantly beautiful. Seldom does one see three generations so attractively represented as at Mrs. Davidson's tea, when the lovely little granddaughter of the hostess joined her mother and grandmother, a baby anyone could steal with justification, so pretty is she. Mrs. Bickford, also her proud grandmother, looked very well in a handsome black and white costume of velvet and lace and hat to match. Mrs. Davidson was gowned in fine black Chantilly lace over white silk, and Mrs. Harold Bickford wore a soft cream gown, her sweet, happy face, girlish and smiling, and receiving the congratulations of everyone on Captain Bickford's appointment and her continued visit to her parents for the next two months. In the dining-room a large tea-table was decorated with Richmond roses, and attended by a beauty party of girls, led by Miss Davidson. Among the scores of smart people were Mrs. Mortimer Clark and Miss Mortimer Clark, Lady Mulock, Lady Pellatt, Lady Thompson, Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Buchan, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. and Miss Williams, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Turnbull of Hamilton, Mrs. Colin Gordon, Mrs. Weston Brock, Mrs. Calderwood, Mrs. Lee, and Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. W. C. Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Hemming, Mrs. Septimus and Miss Denison, Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion, Miss McCutcheon, Mrs. and Miss Cattanch, Mrs. J. T. Delamere, Mrs. C. Egerton Ryerson, Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. Garratt, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mrs. D. D. Mann, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Cawthra of Guisely House, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. C. C. James, Miss Michie, Mrs. and Miss Gooderham of Deancroft, Mrs. and Miss Mary Clark, Mrs. and Miss Grasett, Mrs. and Miss Flavelle, Mrs. and Miss Parsons, Mrs. and Miss Cassels, Mrs. and Miss Sprague, Mrs. and Miss Somerville, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Francis and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. and Miss Cross, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. James George, Mrs. W. George, Mrs. W. Crowther, Mrs. Willie McLean, Mrs. Rolland Hills, Mrs. and the Misses McLeod, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. and Miss Austin and their guest from Dublin, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald and Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason of Erneleigh and Miss Mason, Mrs. Charlie Lee, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. E. O. Bickford, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. James C. Mason, Miss Helen Douglas, Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Mrs. O'Reilly, Miss Fiske, Miss Wood, Miss Maule, Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, and Miss Kerr, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Harry Wyatt, Miss Begg, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. James Ince, Mrs. James Thorburn, the Misses Nordheimer of Glenedyth.

Mrs. Frank D. Benjamin is giving an At Home on next Thursday afternoon, October 25, from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock, at her residence, 337 Sherbourne street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blakeley have returned from a summer spent in southern Europe, and with relatives in England.

Miss Florence Taylor of Florsheim returned this week from Italy, where she has been for some time.

Mr. Henry Boulier returned this week from the south, where he has been treated for rheumatism.

A pretty autumn wedding took place in Durham on October 10, at the residence of Mrs. W. Laidlaw, when their daughter, Miss Ella Laidlaw, was married to Mr. W. F. Dunn. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Farquharson in the presence of the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bride wore an exquisite gown of cream Duchesse satin, her veil being fastened with orange blossoms. The bridesmaid, Miss Elizabeth Laidlaw, was prettily gowned in pale blue silk. The groomsmen were the groom's brother, Dr. Dunn, of Creemore. The bridal music, from *Lohengrin*, was most beautifully rendered by Mrs. W. S. Graham of Chesley. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue broadcloth, with hat to match. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Dunn will take up their residence on Mill street, Durham.

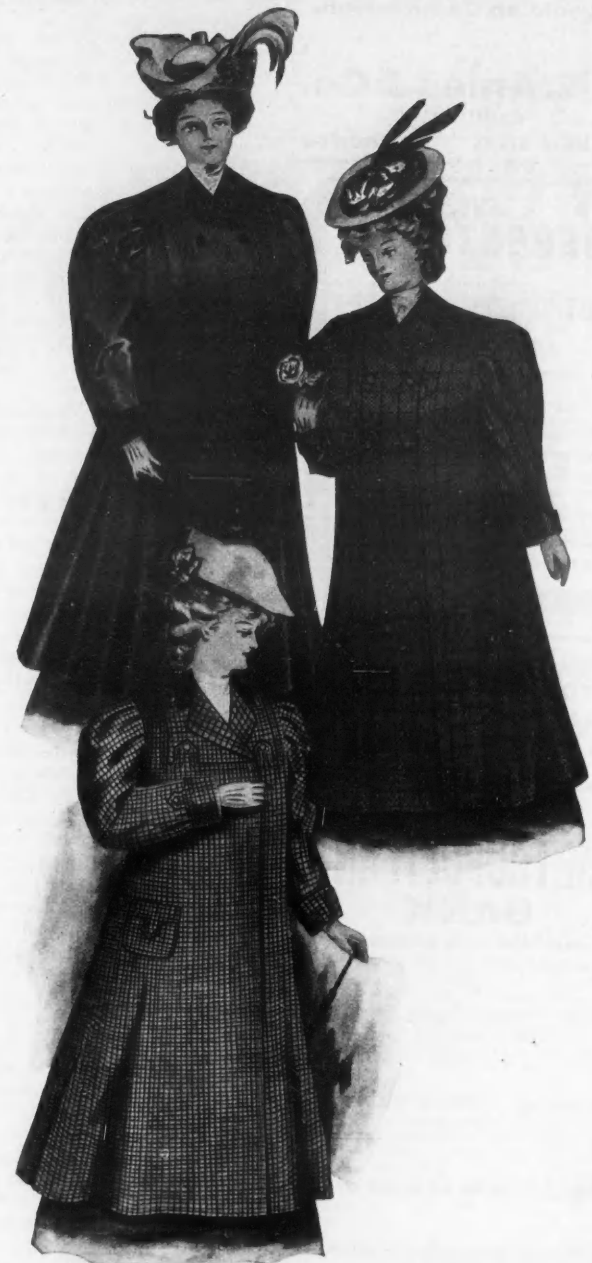
The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Kent to Mr. George W. Harrison. The marriage will take place in London on November 7th. Miss Kent's many friends and admirers who were at the Queen's Royal this year will be sending her good wishes next month.

Mrs. John Lumbers and Miss Lena Lumbers of 69 Metcalfe street are at Forest Nook.

At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, October 6th, in Knox Church, St. Catharines, was solemnized the marriage of Agnes Helen Fulton, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McClive, to Mr. Charles Reginald Fitzgerald of Worcester, Mass. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of softest ivory silk, made *en princesse*, the waist draped with a bertha and bolero of rose point. The veil was arranged over a coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. Her only ornaments were a pearl necklace, with pearl and diamond pendant, and an exquisite carved ivory bracelet. The bride was attended by her two sisters, Miss Edith in a princess gown of shell pink chiffon over self-colored silk, and Miss Elsie in a similar gown of palest blue. They wore wreaths of the same delicate shades as the gowns, and carried crimson roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Harry Housser of Toronto, and the ushers were Mr. Plunkett Osborne of Beamsville and Mr. Ross McKinnon of Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, which was charmingly decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald left on the evening train for New York, the bride wearing a light tweed suit with trimmings of pastel blue and green, and a toque to match.

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219—Fancy Tweed Coat, with Broadcloth Collar, trimmed with broadcloth piping, fancy buttons, half-lined with finer satin Venetian, length 47 in. Made in fancy plaid tweeds. Range 4 Cloth.....\$16.75

220—New York Design Double-Breasted coat 50 in. long, trimmed with heavy strapping back and front and fancy metal buttons, half-lined with finer satin Venetian. Made in plaid tweeds of all colors. Range 4 Cloth.....\$16.75

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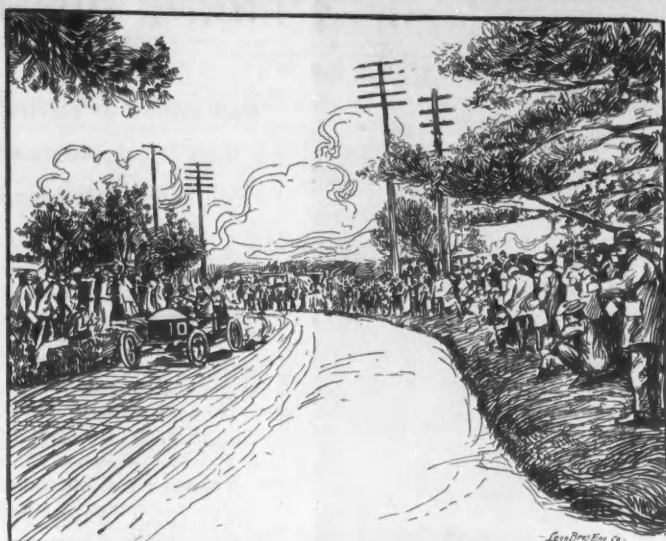
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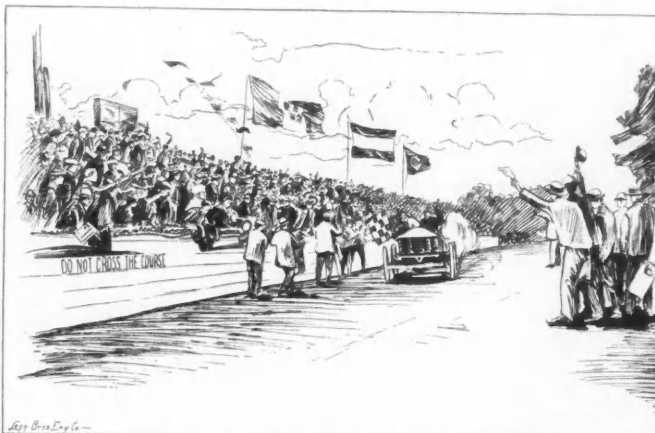
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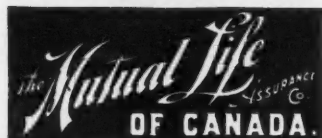
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which are fitted to all Darracq Cars, and which have proved themselves equal to every possible test. The sum total of world-wide automobile experience is that "it pays to get the best." We have the sole agency for Darracq Automobiles and Michelin Tires, and are now booking orders for 1907.

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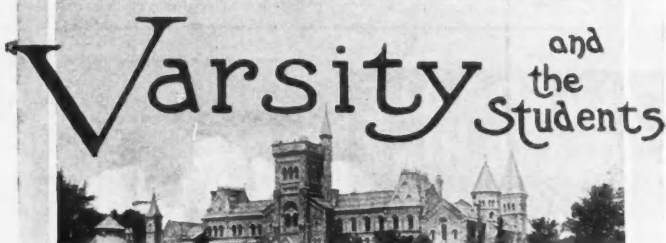
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Varsity and the Students

THE royal road to culture has at last been found. Last summer four University professors made a collection of prints of classic paintings. These now adorn the corridors of the Main Building, but will soon be transferred to the West Hall. There, like the trees in the college grounds, they will be labeled, so that all who pass may read and learn—the names at least. The day of the illiterate B.A. is past. His aesthetic sensibilities, cultivated by daily adoration before these eikons, will make him a veritable connoisseur. He will be able to converse in the artistic jargon that, though it cloaks a world of ignorance, is impenetrable to the vulgar gaze. Though he may not be able to distinguish a painting from a three-color photograph, he will know at least that Tintoretto was not a vaudeville artist. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but spread over thin, it gives a good surface effect.

But there is another phase to the question. It is in the East and West Halls that the annual examinations take place. And in these halls there is already a collection of paintings on Indian subjects. Is there to be no mercy shown to the luckless burner of the midnight oil? Overlooked on one side by the Cumaean Sybil and on the other by a stolid Indian chief in his panoply of paint and feathers, where will he turn for relief? Will he look for aid to the sistine Madonna or to the Indian squaw with her papoose strapped to a board; or will he gaze in frenzy on the carved grotesques of the woodwork overhead? Surely will his translations from Cicero read like a "Midsummer Night's Dream," and his mathematical deductions be as shaky as his shattered nerves.

The last echoes of the "hustle" have died away, and its only remembrance is the aching void in the pockets of thirty-five medical students. It has proved among other things, however, that the new Caput can impose fines with quite as great efficiency as the old Discipline Committee. One hundred and seventy-five dollars added to the University Exchequer is not to be despised. This is a source of revenue that has been very much neglected in the past, and which may prove very useful in the future. If ever an economical government pulls

the purse strings tight and turns down enthusiastic deputations asking for increased grants or new buildings, the college authorities can have recourse to new methods. All they have to do is to send out a "Black Hundred" to start a general riot, and then let the Caput fine the offenders. It might be worth considering.

The question of student control of student discipline was discussed quite freely last year, and received general favor not only among the undergraduates, but in the faculty. The formation of such a committee was authorized in the University Act of 1906, and before long it will doubtless be in existence. The usefulness of such a body might be considered doubtful, but at Queen's and at some other universities, it has been tried, and has met with complete success. That it would be able to cope with such disturbances as those of last week may be open to doubt, but it would be an experiment well worth trying. These miniature riots seem to be quite inevitable, and if confined to the University precincts, and if no damage be done to property or to professional dignity, are really quite harmless. They seem, of course, extremely absurd, but then so does the Oddfellows' parade or the rites of the Mystic Shriners. All over the world some freedom is allowed to the student fraternity, and, as a rule, it is seldom abused.

The need is often felt for a general University Society open to all undergraduates, somewhat after the model of the Oxford Union. Such an organization would serve not only to deal with many student questions, but also to afford a cohesive factor between the various faculties and colleges which at present are in many respects rather widely separated. Last year such a society was formed under the name of the "Students' Parliament"; it had some very successful meetings, at one of which R. L. Borden gave an address, but, on the whole, it was a failure. It has lately been assimilated by the Undergraduates' Union, a University students' club, having its quarters in part of the old residence wing. It is proposed that the parliament, as reconstituted under the new auspices, be made up of representatives from the various colleges in proportion to the number of stu-

dents registered in each. For every twenty men there will be one representative in the parliament, and it will, it is hoped, in time, form the governing body of undergraduate activities. Its members would be associate members of the Union, and its cabinet would possibly form the student committee authorized by the new Act. The need for such an organization was shown by the inaugural address of Eric N. Armour, president of the University College "Lit." Mr. Armour advocated that the "Lit." be thrown open so as to include in its membership every University student who so wished. The general opinion, however, is that this would be impracticable, and that the functions of such a body will be better performed by the Students' Parliament as reorganized.

GOWN.

Social and Personal

Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Austin's guest at Spadina, is, I hear, a charming singer of Irish songs, and her hostess may give some of her friends the pleasure of hearing her very soon.

Mrs. William G. Denison announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Frances Shanley Denison, and Mr. Harry Walter Brodie, on Wednesday, October 10th, at All Saints' Church, Winnipeg. Mr. Brodie is well known in Toronto, and his bride is a granddaughter of the late Colonel Richard Lippincott Denison of Dovercourt.

Amongst the Toronto people returning last week from England by the "Empress of Britain" was Mr. Robert F. Gagen and Miss Maud Gagen, who have been spending the summer months in Great Britain and Switzerland. Mr. Gagen has, I believe, greatly added to his portfolio, sketches of the ever-charming old world.

There will be a sale of work under the auspices of the Grace Darling Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, on November 21, in St. George's Hall.

Mrs. J. A. Young of Spadina avenue gave a dinner on Friday evening for Mrs. C. F. P. Conybeare of Lethbridge, Alta.

Mrs. Donald McGillivray will receive on Tuesdays, October 23 and 30, at her new home, 62 College street.

Mrs. William Walker Barclay, formerly Miss Ethel Dalby, will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday, October 24, from 4 to 8 o'clock, at 159 Augusta avenue, and afterwards on the first Monday of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Stiff have given up their apartments in the St. George, and are settled at 660 Bathurst street, where Mrs. Stiff will receive on the first and third Thursdays.

Miss Grace Hastings who is to play

at Mr. Rhynd Jamieson's Recital, was formerly solo violinist with the "Boston Ladies Symphony Orchestra," and her two numbers will, it is expected, add much to the already splendid programme.

Mrs. Crane is on a visit to Mrs. Boone, in Bloor street east, on her way from Los Angeles to Porto Rico.

The marriage took place in St. Paul's Church, Port Dover, on Wednesday, October 10th, at half past two o'clock, of Miss Beatrice Lees Ansley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Ansley, and Mr. Joseph Murray Syer, Rainy River. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Lawrence Skeay, rector of St. Anne's Church, Toronto, and the Rev. Robert Herbert. Miss Ethel Phipps was maid of honor, Miss Mary Miles, of Toronto, and Miss Lindsay, of Hamilton, were bridesmaids; Mr. G. A. Hutchinson, of London, was best man, and Mr. Clayton Ansley, Mr. Gilbert Lynch, Mr. Harry Battersby, of Toronto, and Mr. L. R. Tibbets, of Simcoe, were the ushers. Miss Nellie Martin sang during the service. The bride's dress was of white satin with point lace berthe, and embroideries of seed pearls. The bridegroom's gift was a lovely amethyst and pearl necklace. The bridesmaids wore pink chiffon and white tulle veils, with wreaths of pink rosebuds, and carried bunches of pink carnations. After the ceremony and reception Mr. and Mrs. Syer left for Washington, the bride travelling in a navy blue tailor-made, with Oriental trimming, ermine stole, and blue felt hat. They will live at Rainy River.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Heward have taken a flat in Sussex Court for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel and their trio of lovely children are going to England next year to reside permanently there.

Mrs. Macdonald, of Goderich, is in town, "pour dire adieu" to Mrs. Brough, her sister, who is going abroad with her children.

Mrs. McCoy, formerly of Gloucester Street will receive at 117 Pembroke Street on Monday the 22nd, and 2nd and 4th Mondays during the season.

At Miss Telfer's wedding in Collingwood last week, it was not as erroneously stated in the papers, the King Edward Orchestra which rendered such excellent music, but a trio of artists under the direction of Frederic Nicolai, who has not for some time been connected with the King Edward quintette. Dr. Nicolai played a solo at the church during the signing of the register.

Mrs. Jones and the Misses Jones, 27 Spencer Ave., will receive on Thursday next, 25th Oct., and afterwards on 4th Thursday, afternoon and evening.

DIAMONDS

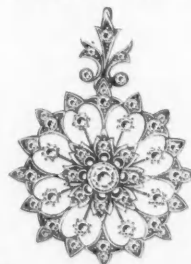
For the Debutante

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HAVE OPENED
THEIR ATTRACTIVE TORONTO STORE
130-132 YONGE STREET
BETWEEN LAUREL & TEMPERANCE
ORDERS WILL BE PROMPTLY
AND CAREFULLY FILLED FOR
BONBONS AND CHOCOLATES.
PURE! FRESH! DELICIOUS!
ALSO LARGE LINE OF
FANCY BOXES, BASKETS, FAVORS & NOVELTIES.
OUR ICE CREAM SODA
AND OTHER FOUNTAIN DRINKS
ARE UNEQUALLED.
CARRIES HOT DRINKS BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.
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OPEN EVENINGS.

SPORTING COMMENT

TORONTONIANS are very fortunate in being able to witness football under both Burnside and College rules without leaving their native heath. There are radical differences between the two, but the man who cannot see both and enjoy them is hidebound beyond recovery. Time was when argument, fierce and wordy, was in order, and everybody assailed the other fellow's pet rules with vigor and directness. The adherents of the old held the new game was devoid of interest; there was not sufficient room for speculation, and you could figure out every play like an equation in algebra, and so on and so forth. The sponsors for the new said there was absolutely no enjoyment for a sensible man in watching a ball of players rolling about the field like a hedgehog in a fit. And there you have it.

Beyond a doubt there was room for improvement in the game as played under the new rules. It suffered under the disabilities associated with the new and untried. Green teams took a whack at it, and the result was neither flesh, fish, nor good red herring. Referees and umpires who had merely a bowing acquaintance with the rules essayed to handle the games, and the teams that had perfected the gentle art of evading the statutes in such case made and provided were correspondingly successful.

Fortunately the interest of public and players was sufficient to bring the new game safely through its puppyhood, and he were a rash man indeed who would predict a slump in public favor, provided the teams are evenly enough matched to provide a contest.

The Hamilton Tigers have developed a combination under these rules that is worth going miles to see. For a couple of seasons they have made a runaway race of it, but indications are not wanting that they may have their troubles in the future, i.e., there are others.

Things have not been at a standstill in the other unions by a good deal. The weeding-out of undesirable features has been going on apace; the game has opened up, and the players are beginning to discover that scragging and off-side interference are not only a waste of energy, but likely to result in a sojourn on the fence to the material weakening of their team. Let us therefore avail ourselves of the opportunities given us of seeing two such worthy but contrasted styles of play, and be proportionately thankful that we have the chance.

A Toronto man met a man from Hamilton the other day and asked him what he thought of the Argonauts. "About the same," he replied. "About the same as usual. Just good enough to run behind the Tigers." "But," said the Toronto man, "in the second half last Saturday they scored six to the Tigers one." The Hamilton man grew confidential. "Let me tell you something," he said, "the Tigers just looked on and let the visitors have those six points, or rather they made them a present of five points—a straight present of five points, so they wouldn't go home looking foolish." "Get out," said the other. "I'm just telling you this," said the Hamilton man, "so that you

won't lose money on football that ought to go to the support of your wife and family." This is published merely to show the style of conversation indulged in by Hamilton people.

The progress of modern invention has brought many benefits to mankind, and it seems ungrateful to belittle them, but it must be admitted that one utility, the telegraph, is being abused direfully. I refer more particularly to the press-despatch.

Stallings, the immortal, the modest lily among baseball managers, used it in the past season to foist the sad story of his woes upon a suffering public. His pitchers might develop glass arms, and the whole infield be laid up with housemaid's knee, but if the little pad of yellow blanks held out, all was well, and the listening world breathed again. Perchance a small boy commits a felonious assault upon the person of his star catcher with a bag of peanuts; down the third concession to the nearest telegraph office sprints the frenzied manager, and on the morrow the morning paper brings to your breakfast table the 'tenth instalment of "Stallings' Lament."

We Canucks are quite abreast of the times, too, as witness the efforts of Cornwall, mother of "home-brews," to herald the virtues of her team abroad. The despatches emanating from that little burg during the past summer were models of their kind, filled with a never-dying hope and imagination to a degree. After each fresh disaster, the Cornwall genius with the sanguine temperament would drop everything in order to put a few splashes of pink across the horizon of his club's prospects, and shall we say the efforts of this mute inglorious Milton are in vain? Not so. Far be it from such. The humid tortures of the dog-days were made endurable by his ministrations, and now the season is over we have naught but the kindest sentiments for him.

There is another variety of press-despatch, however, and it has little to recommend it. When we read that Podunk High School trimmed the Junior Jugginsville Rovers by two tries to a rouge in the former town, we know what is to follow if the Jugginsville scribe gets on the wire first. The crowd interfered, the referee was partial, the Podunks played two men over age and a ringer from Ottawa, whose real name was Jones, and so on "ad nauseam."

This is merely an earnest of what is coming. Podunk's fair fame has been blemished, and she must be set right before the nations of the earth. The manager of the team rushes into print. You all know the formula—"Sir: In your issue of the 10th there appeared an account of the football match played here last Saturday, which was grossly inaccurate and misleading. I would like to know where you got your facts, et cetera, et cetera." Thereafter follows a full list of the team, giving ages, weights and political leanings, all carefully certified to by the liverrman and the Baptist minister, and the communication winds up with a challenge for a return match for the championship and a side bet of \$10.

This is the sort of thing that fills our waking moments with gloom. It creeps upon us in the friendly guise of the sporting column, and assassinates our joy. How long must we endure these things? Echo, sadly answers: "You can search me."

The athletic directorate at Varsity are to be congratulated on the sane view they took of the recent football fatalities at that institution. It has been decided to have every candidate for the game pass a strict medical

examination before being allowed to play. Physicians have also been appointed to attend to injuries received during practice.

Football is a strenuous game, but not necessarily a dangerous one. The man of good physique and in proper condition has little to fear, and the knocks he receives but add zest to the game. As the Varsity freshman observed: "Football is a fine game to play, if you survive."

There are some men, however, who ought never to be allowed to don a uniform; men of insufficient stamina to carry them through the season without excessive demands on nerve and body, and others who, perhaps, unknown to themselves, are so weak in some part of their make-up as to render them particularly liable to injury.

It is to protect these from the effects of over-estimation of their own powers that the directorate arrived at this decision, and it is to be hoped that it will have the effect of greatly decreasing the number of serious injuries, most of which, by the way, are received in practice.

Capitals 4, Tecumseh 1. Oh! what a fall was there, my brethren!

Eight thousand enthusiasts journeyed to Rosedale last Saturday to see their favorites bumped by the redoubtable Caps, and bumped they were four several and distinct times. It was a grand game, and there was enthusiasm a-plenty, but in the distance could be heard a dull rumble as the Minto Cup thumped over the corduroy toward Ottawa.

All sorts of explanations have been offered for the catastrophe, but they simmer down to the one there is no doubt about—Capitals won on their merits.

They got the ball at the face-off nine times out of ten, and when they did get it, proceeded to do things. There is not a team in Canada that could have stood up against the kind of lacrosse they were playing, and the fact that the Tecumsehs held them down to a lead of three, though not very gratifying to those who looked for a victory for the home team, makes it apparent that there was good work on both sides.

Perhaps the Indians may have recovered from their staleness by the 20th, in which case they may turn loose a few things. It is a lot to hope for, but funnier things than that have happened ere now.

A City With \$4,000,000 in Golf Links.

There are now thirty-six golf courses of eighteen holes each in or near New York city. The total acreage used for the game and the money value of the buildings and land assume figures that are a revelation to non-golfers, says the New York "Sun."

At an average of 5,800 yards in playing length, the courses stretched out would give a linear measurement of 198,800 yards, a grand links on which the player might tee up at New York, and, after lofting over Philadelphia, hole out at a distance of 116 miles from the starting place. Knollwood, laid out in 1896, is the shortest of this cluster of links, having a playing length of 4,600 yards; but all save one of the others are 5,200 yards or more in length, while Deal and Garden City are close to 6,500 yards long. The average area is 80 acres at the lowest. Indeed it is almost impossible to squeeze an eighteen hole course into such a limited territory. The average area is 100 acres.

The value of the land and buildings of these thirty-six clubs is placed at \$4,000,000. The estimate is below rather than above the actual value. On the Crescent Athletic Club course

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Magnums
PURE EGYPTIAN
Cigarettes.

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Pure Wool Underwear
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

Made from the finest wool yarns procurable, Wolsey is the best Underwear for all the year round. It will not felt nor shrink; but always retains its perfect shape and silk like softness—Wolsey Underwear is the best and most comfortable under clothing for every season and climate. Look for the Tab on each Garment. It is the guarantee that the goods are unshrinkable.

RIVERDALE
ROLLER RINK
Cor. BROADVIEW & QUEEN

Three Sessions Daily. Twelve hundred pair skates. The only white, clean floor. Separate floor for those learning.

Band Every Afternoon and Evening.

at Bay Ridge there is a 200 foot plot on the Shore road used as a putting green for which \$30,000 has been refused, while the course, which is held on lease and has been cut into by city streets, is valued at more than \$300,000 for building lots. The estimate does not include the club's own property, which is worth at least \$100,000.

The Ardsley Club's holdings could not be bought for \$500,000, and a half dozen clubs hold property worth as much. To come from estimates to facts, a syndicate of the Deal Golf Club members bought 110 acres of the course last summer at \$1,000 an acre in order to have a free hand in enlarging the clubhouse at a cost of \$30,000 more.

The clubs referred to are within the district, as it is termed, of the Metropolitan Golf Association. Six of the eighteen hole links are controlled by clubs not in its membership, which consists of sixty clubs. The clubs having only nine hole courses in the district have not been regarded in these calculations.

A conservative estimate of the number of active members in each of the thirty-six clubs is 250.

Little Proverbs for Little Golfers.

A caddie may laugh at a king.
It takes nine tailors to make a man—but one Taylor can make a manner.
Spare the club and spoil the drive.
People who live in glass houses shouldn't have 'em near links.
You may drive a ball to the water, but you can't make it jump.
Never put off from the hole what you can do in one.
A ball on the tee's worth two in the bush.
Two corks do not make a White.
Out of the flying sand into the byre.
Two heads are better than one—except when there's a ball coming.
It is a wise son who knows his own father-st drive.
Celerity is the soul of hit.
Never make a mountain out of a sand-hill.
"Fore!" This word to the wise is enough.
"Fore" warned is before harmed.
A "miss" is good for a smile.
"Tatler."

PARKDALE ROLLER RINK
212 COWAN AVE.

Rink cooled by electricity
Very select patronage
Full band every evening

GRANITE ROLLER RINK
Church Street

Three Sessions Daily.
Band Afternoon and Evening.
SELECT PATRONAGE ONLY

TUESDAY P.M., OCT. 9th.
Grand Fancy Dress Carnival
2 Cash Prizes distributed to best costumes.
2 Cash Prizes distributed to best burlesque.

OLD ORCHARD
ROLLER RINK
Cor. Davenport and Harrison Sts.
Near Dundas St.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS
Tuesday and Friday Evenings
Select Patronage Only.

MOST POPULAR LADY CONTEST commences Monday, October 15th. Prize—GOLD WATCH.

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LAGER, ALE, and STOUT

have conquered the markets of the world. Everywhere that beer is consumed ALLSOPP'S is recognized as the highest grade of all the products of the world's most famous breweries. This is, in no small measure, due to the superiority of the water available to Allsopp & Sons, the famous *aqua pura* of the River Trent.

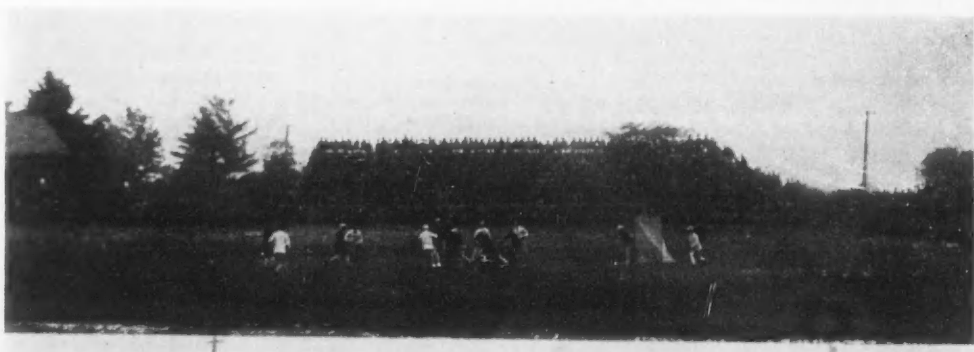
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Codou's French Macaroni
Codou's French Vermicelli

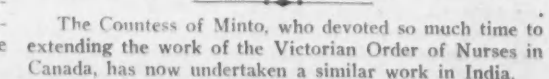
The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it
ALL BEST DEALERS SELL IT



A Busy Time at the Capitals' Goal

The Overflow from the Bleachers

THE TECUMSEH-CAPITALS LACROSSE MATCH AT ROSEDALE



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LORD STRATHCONA AT ABERDEEN

A Week of High Celebration, Princely Hospitality and Lavish Expenditure.

THE ancient, yet commercially and numerically progressive city of Aberdeen, situated on the north-east coast of Scotland, overlooking the wide, restless expanse of the German Ocean, was, in the last week of September, the scene of a series of celebrations on a scale of magnificence such as has never before been attempted. For the last fifteen years, extensions in connection with the Aberdeen University buildings have been going on, and these have now culminated in the splendid pile of the Marischal College, the total cost of which has not been far short of £220,000. The native white-grey granite is the stone used throughout, and the college is the largest granite building in the world.

Aberdeen University comprises two colleges—"King's" in the Aulton (old Aberdeen), founded by Bishop Elphinstone of pious and beneficent memory, in 1494-5, and "Marischal," in the more modern part of the city, founded in 1583 by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, whose quaint motto, "They have said, what say they, let them say!" was adopted as the motto of Marischal College also. For several hundred years, the two colleges had an entirely independent existence, and bitter was the jealousy, and keen the contentions, which went on between the two colleges. Many futile attempts at a union were made, but it was not until the 15th September, 1860, that the fusion was effected, and the University of Aberdeen became a compacted whole.

Of the sum of £220,000 above mentioned, part—£40,000—came from Government, the rest being due to the generosity of a multitude of donors in all parts of the world. Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, sent a substantial contribution, and one of the most munificent donors was Dr. Charles Mitchell (of the Armstrong Ordnance Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne), a former alumnus of the University, whose benefactions amounted to over £30,000, and who is for ever associated with the University in the Mitchell Hall and Mitchell Tower, both the offspring of his princely generosity. On his lamented death, his son, Mr. C. W. Mitchell (since also deceased) proved equally generous, and at a dark and doubtful period of the work, came forward with a further sum of £20,000 to clear off the debt which was hampering the further successful carrying out of the plan of extension. Amongst other subscribers, Lord Mount Stephen may be mentioned, and, in passing, it may be noted that another institution in Aberdeen—the Royal Infirmary—owes much to this nobleman in recent years.

By this time, however, another notable figure had appeared upon the scene. At the critical juncture in the



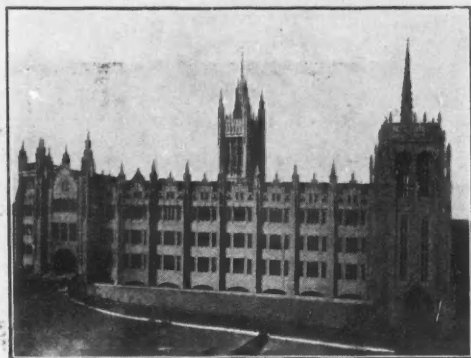
THE KING RECEIVING THE ADDRESS FROM THE UNIVERSITY AUTHORITIES

To the left of His Majesty in the picture stands the Queen; to the right Lord Strathcona, Sir Frederick Treves and Principal Lang, the latter reading the Address.
Photo by F. Hardie, Aberdeen, Scotland.

history of the University, referred to above, Lord Strathcona, who was then Lord Rector, i.e., the popularly elected representative of the undergraduates in the University Council, and *ex officio* chairman of that body (a position now filled by Sir Frederick Treves, the world-famous surgeon), generously offered a contribution of £25,000 provided that another £25,000 was raised otherwise within a certain time. This was done, and the works were then completed. From this time onward, Lord Strathcona becomes one of the central figures of Aberdeen University life, as on the death of the venerable Duke of Richmond and Gordon, for many years Chancellor of the University, Lord Strathcona was in 1903 called to occupy the vacant position. His lordship is thus, as Principal Petersen of Montreal remarked when presenting the address of congratulation from Canada to the Aberdeen University, "Your Chancellor and ours."

It was a happy thought to decide to combine the celebration of the quarter-centenary of the University with the formal opening of the new buildings, and accordingly extensive preparations were made for an elaborate series of functions which lasted from the 25th to the 28th September. His Majesty the King, accompanied by Her Majesty the Queen, graciously declared the buildings open, and, favored with glorious weather, the staid city of Aberdeen was *en fete* for a week. From all parts of the world delegates representing universities and learned institutions came, bringing fraternal greetings, while alumni from north, south, east, and west, thronged to Aberdeen to join in the general rejoicing and swear fresh fealty to their Alma Mater, which after more than four hundred years of strenuous life, was still displaying the vigor of lusty youth, nay, rather, had taken a fresh lease of life.

Throughout the whole of the ceremonials the venerable Chancellor, Lord Strathcona, was ever in evidence, whilst his kindly presence and happy speeches did much to contribute to the success of the celebrations. From early morning till late night, His Lordship was never idle, and one almost marvelled at the robustness of a frame which, at such a patriarchal age, could undertake an amount of work and strain trying even to younger men. But the complete success of the whole celebrations must, in itself, have exercised quite a rejuvenating influence, and Lord Strathcona may well have felt, when he received His Majesty the King at the University entrance, that he was inviting His Majesty to put the seal of completion upon what was really a noble work, well planned, well finished, and one which would endure for all time. Lord Strathcona's reception at the hands of the citizens generally was of the heartiest possible kind, and it will be



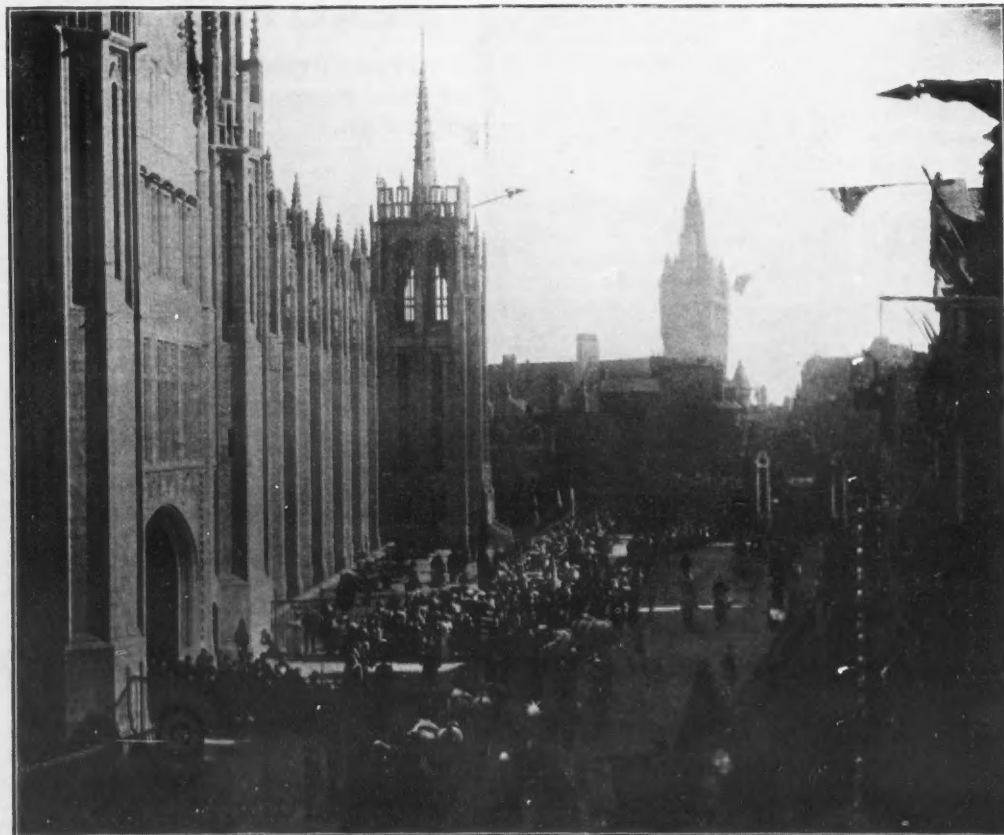
MARISCHAL COLLEGE.
Photo by F. Hardie, Aberdeen, Scotland.

long before the brilliant doings of this memorable week fade from the recollection of the cosmopolitan assemblage whose privilege it was to witness or take part in them.

Lord Strathcona did not, however, rest content with the mere performance of the ordinary duties pertaining to his high position, onerous and exacting although these undoubtedly were. His Lordship thinks too generously to permit these to monopolize his whole time and attention. He therefore invited the graduates of the University to dinner on the evening of Thursday, 27th September, to the number of some 2,500 persons. There was, however, no building in Aberdeen capable of accommodating such a large company, but this was no deterrent to Lord Strathcona, who immediately gave instructions for a temporary building to be erected for the purpose. This was duly done, a piece of vacant land adjoining the Marischal College providing the site, and in a few weeks' time an elegant and substantial wooden erection, appropriately named the "Strathcona Hall," sprang into being. Its interior was 150 feet long by 185 feet in width, and some idea of its size may be gathered from the views which we reproduce, and from the fact that it was capable of either dining 2,500 people comfortably, or seating 4,500 to 5,000 persons at dinners, receptions, or other gatherings. All the requisite kitchens, cloak-rooms, and other accommodation were attached to the building, which was lighted throughout with the electric light, and beautifully and tastefully decorated. Needless to say, the dinner was a huge success, and the health of the giver of the feast, Lord Strathcona, was pledged with the utmost enthusiasm.

The caterers for this gargantuan banquet (which is estimated to have cost about £5,000) were Messrs. J. Lyons & Co., Limited, of London, who required a series of special trains to bring supplies, staff, etc., from London to Aberdeen in connection therewith. Superintendents, cooks, waiters, and porters numbered from 550 to 600, and the supplies were colossal in extent. For the soup, 90 turtles, totalling 6,000 pounds, were brought specially from the West Indies. Canteloupe melons for the *hors d'oeuvres* came from the south of France, and there were wagon loads of other viands, fruit, flowers, etc. Some 4,000 silver entree dishes were used, and the quantity of china, glass, linen, and silver came to nearly fifty tons. By an interesting little calculation, it will be found that if the plates used were placed side by side in a line they would have extended more than four miles, and with the silver dishes added, about six miles. Wines and liquors of the choicest kinds were in abundance. Seldom in the Old Country has there been seen a feast of so generous proportions with such an enormous number of guests.

With his wonted kindness of heart, Lord Strathcona directed that the food left over from the banquet should be distributed amongst the Aberdeen hospitals, a gift which was highly appreciated by the inmates of those, who felt that amid the general rejoicings, they also had not been overlooked. But this was not enough for His Lordship—early in the week he handed a cheque for £500 to the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, to be spent for the entertainment and benefit of the poorer classes in the city, and just before leaving Aberdeen, Lord Strathcona left another cheque for £500 for a similar purpose in case the first was not sufficient. His Lordship was greatly pleased with all the celebrations of the week, and has desired that the poorer classes in the community should feel that they were participants in the fetes connected with the commemoration of the quarter-centenary of the University. Not, therefore, in the University alone is Lord Strathcona likely to be held in grateful remembrance, for all classes

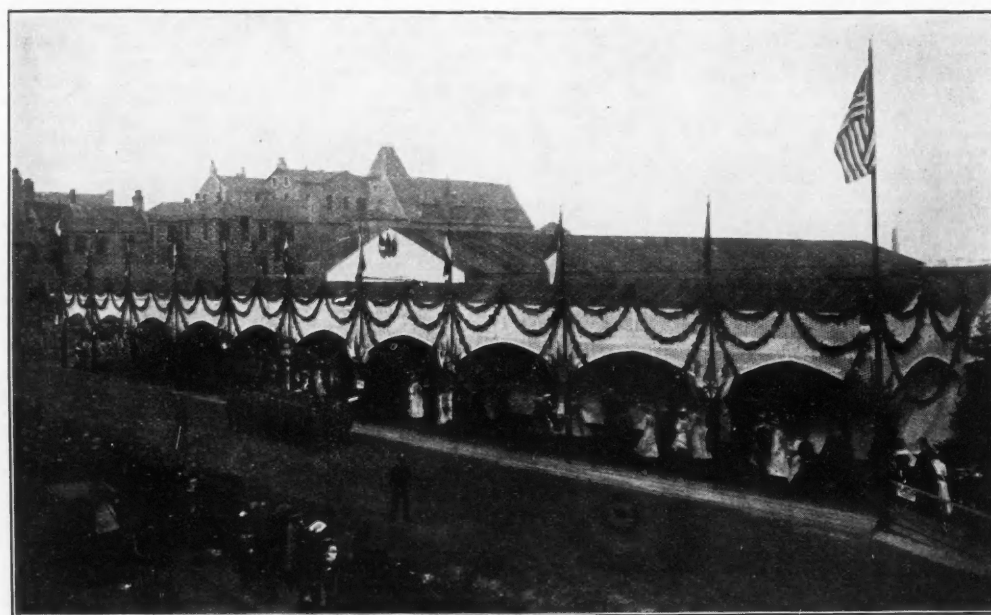


DEPARTURE OF THE KING AND QUEEN
Photo by F. Hardie, Aberdeen, Scotland.

of the community are deeply touched by such kindly thoughtfulness as that now alluded to.

Another instance of a similar kind may be mentioned. For some years past, during the winter months, the corporation of Aberdeen have promoted a series of Saturday evening concerts, at popular prices, for the entertainment of the citizens, and it occurred to the committee in charge of these that it would be a happy idea to hold the first concert of the present season in the Strathcona Hall, thus enabling a larger proportion of the citizens to see this now historic building before it was demolished. Lord Strathcona made this possible, and on the evening of Saturday, 29th September, the Strathcona Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with an audience whose chief regret was that ere many more days had passed, such a noble building would have passed into the category of the things that were, and only a recollection left of it. A telegram, expressing hearty and grateful thanks on behalf of the audience, was sent to Lord Strathcona at his Highland home, Glencoe, and no item on the programme was more enthusiastically encored than the rendering of *The Maple Leaf*, by a select choir, in the course of the evening.

In this fitting and appropriate manner were the celebrations of a memorable week in the annals of Aberdeen brought to a close, and with the strains of the national song of Canada still lingering in the ear, both "town and gown" feel that the tie which links this part of Scotland with the Dominion is now stronger than ever. Many of the sons of the "Granite City"—with that roving instinct so characteristic of all Scotsmen—have sought "fresh fields and pastures new" in the wide-spreading and hospitable bounds of the Dominion. For them, the proceedings now briefly described will have a special significance, and their pride in the city of their birth is now more than ever justified. Those Canadians who joined in the celebrations will have tasted something of the hospitality of Aberdonians, with whom "kindness to strangers" is an



EXTERIOR OF STRATHCONA HALL.
Temporary Structure, 150 feet long and 185 feet wide, seating 2,500 persons at dinner, or 5,000 at other gatherings.
Photo by F. Hardie, Aberdeen, Scotland.

ancient tradition faithfully observed unto this day, and one can safely assert that in the case of all Canadians who may visit Aberdeen at any future time, they will find that the city motto will now, more than ever, be "Bon Accord."

J. LIGERTWOOD.

Aberdeen, Scotland, October 4, '06.

How James Whitcomb Riley Became a Writer.

In the October *Talent* appears an account of how this Indiana poet rose from "the tail end of a patent-medicine and concert wagon" to his present wide popularity. Part of the article is here quoted:

James Whitcomb Riley was for years a newspaper writer on different country papers in Indiana. His first contribution to a larger public was through the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*, when there appeared an editorial to the effect that Ben F. Johnson, of Boone County, had written to enclose an original poem, desiring that it be accepted for publication, as "many neighbors and friends are astir to have it struck off." Mr. Johnson said that

he had, "from childhood up till old enough to vote, allus wrote more or less poetry, as many an album in the neighborhood can testify." He said that he wrote "from the heart out," and "there is times when the tears roll down my cheeks." Then follows *The Old Swimmin'-Hole. Thoughts for 'he Discouraged Farmer* appeared a week later.

Under this pen-name James Whitcomb Riley made his literary bow, and his first book, *The Old Swimmin'-Hole. and 'Leven More Poems*, was published the next year.

Of his still earlier successes we read:

The father, a country lawyer, wished his son to study for admission to the bar, but, to quote from Nye's *Autobiography of Riley*: "Finding that political economy and Blackstone didn't rhyme, he slid out of the office one hot, sultry afternoon, and ran away with a patent-medicine and concert wagon, from the tail-end of which he was discovered by some relatives in the next town, violently abusing a bass-drum." Here he not only rewrote many of the songs sung by the company, but composed some original stories and verses. Once, in later years, after he had given a recital for President Cleveland and distinguished guests at the White House, someone asked him where he had found a certain poem that had received great applause. The reply was, "I wrote that myself to recite from the steps of a medicine-wagon in Indiana."

English Advice to a German Admiral.

When Admiral Dewey was trying to keep the harbor of Manila blockaded he had occasional difficulties with Admiral Diedrichs of the German fleet, who lost few opportunities to annoy him. The late Admiral Chichester, on the other hand, who was then a captain and in charge of the English fleet, extended to him every courtesy due to the commander of the blockading forces. The recent death of the English admiral recalls a story of his advice

to the German commander, when the latter had received what he thought an insult at the hands of Dewey:

On one occasion Admiral Diedrichs, the German, sent out the *Irene* on an unrevealed errand, and without the customary notification to the commander of the blockading fleet. Admiral Dewey had suffered, he thought, sufficiently from that sort of thing, and so he sent a vessel across the *Irene's* bows and notified her captain that she would not be permitted to depart without a statement as to her destination. It was not Admiral Diedrichs's mission to quarrel with both the American and English fleets, so, on critical occasions, he sought to find out Captain Chichester's purpose in case of a collision. Going on board Chichester's ship, he angrily exclaimed, "Did you see what Dewey did to my ship?"

"Yes," replied Chichester.

"What would you have done if it had been an English ship?"

"Well," said Chichester, conveniently assuming that the *Irene's* captain had sailed without orders from Diedrichs, "I'd have put my captain in arrest, and then I'd have gone on board the *Olympia* and apologized to Admiral Dewey for having such a fool in command of one of my ships."

Augustus Thomas has recently devoted a large part of his time, and some of his royalties, to learning French in France, says *Harper's Weekly*. But he came back in time to welcome Mr. Bryan in New York, just as he stumped for him in 1900. The money that Mr. Thomas takes in at the box office, the houses for rent with which he covers his land at New Rochelle, his extensive cultivation of French roots—all these have not made him any less of a lover of the masses than he was when he swung a lantern in the railroad yard at St. Louis, or barn-stormed through Missouri, or made caricatures for a daily paper.

Apologies have just been made to Marie Corelli by the London *Daily Mail*, which quoted as a personal expression the following passage from her novel, *Temporal Power*: "I have never loved any man, because from my very childhood I have hated and feared all men. I loathe their presence, their looks, their voices, their manners—if one touches my hand in ordinary courtesy my instincts are offended and revolted and the sense of outrage remains with me for days." Those, it seems, are not her personal sentiments.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* says it is, and always has been, "so strongly opposed to these pestiferous black-and-tan islands that, rather than see Cuba annexed to the United States, we would prefer to see it sink in the sea. So keenly are we impressed with the danger of tropical annexation that we believe now, as we believed eight years ago, that this island annexation business will so debase and dilute our system of government that it may eventually cause its ruin."

A fact not generally known regarding the German Emperor is that his left arm is somewhat withered and slightly shorter than the right. It is, however, by no means useless.

Now for Moose Hunting

THE early part of this season will not be favorable for moose hunting, for this is a green fall, the leaves being still thick upon the trees and the weather warm. Frosts may be expected very soon, however, and in the course of two weeks more the trees, while this week's rain, the first of any account in many weeks, will be a great help, the woods up to this time having been dry and, on that account, noisy.

There should be no hurry to get after the game, for the later a moose is killed the better his coat. Most other game animals, when the winter comes on, but the moose takes on darker colors, and his coat as well as his head is thereby made more attractive.

A late October or a November moose supplies the best trophy, for at that time the horns are intact, and without horns a head amounts to nothing, says a writer in the New York "Sun." The hunter who waits too long for his moose may find that many of the big bulls have shed their horns, this usually occurring in December, but sometimes late in November.

The older bulls shed their horns first, and sometimes the immense antlers are found in the woods by sportsmen and sent to the taxidermist to be mounted alone, or to be attached to other heads. This is frequently done by skillful taxidermists so cleverly that few persons could detect the trick.

The habits of the moose are interesting to observe. About the first day of May, or as soon as the snow has disappeared, the animals leave their winter haunts in the depths of the forest and assemble in the neighborhood of streams or lakes where their favorite summer foods are plentiful.

They are especially fond of the water lily and may be seen wading out shoulder deep after this tender fodder, plunging their great heads under the water to pull up the plants by the roots—the roots being the choicest morsel to tempt the moose appetite. Rushes and young tules of many kinds are also on the moose bill of fare.

About the first of June the cow moose retire to deep thickets, not far from the water, and there the calves are born. Cows two years old seldom produce more than one calf at a birth, mature cows two and sometimes three little ones.

Through the hot weather the moose stick close to the streams and ponds and are in the water a good part of the time to keep cool, but chiefly to protect themselves from the savage flies that swarm about them, burrowing into the flesh and causing the great animals much misery.

When the cows go to the water they first take great pains to conceal their young, to protect them from the ferocity of the old bulls, which never let pass an opportunity to destroy the calves. The only safe place for a calf moose in summer is in the depths of a thicket where the old bulls, with their broad antlers, cannot go.

In April the horns of the bulls begin to sprout and by September they are out of the velvet—that is, the soft, moss-like covering has dropped off, and the bare horn is exposed. At this period the bulls have grown very fat and also very ugly, and will fight anything that walks without provocation.

A few weeks of racing through the woods looking for trouble makes them thin, for they have a good many fights and eat little or nothing in this time. It is now that the bulls make the woods echo with loud hollowness and with the noise that is described by hunters as "chopin"—bringing the jaws together in a spasmodic manner, and thus producing a sound like that of an axe driven into a log at a distance.

The bellowing of a good sized bull moose can be distinctly heard on a still night for two or three miles. The call of the cow moose, which the hunter imitates by use of a birch bark funnel or horn, is a series of guttural grunts, concluding with a prolonged roar—a very dismal sound, which in calm weather can be heard as far as the bellow of the male.

The male moose requires but one call from the cow to guide him to her whereabouts, and he will make a bee-line for the spot hours afterward, even though the call has not been repeated. It is this peculiar instinct that sometimes brings a bull in front of a party of hunters in the morning, after they have called all night without response. The bull takes his time.

The full of the October moon is the best time for moose calling, and the best hour is that immediately succeeding sunset. A bull seldom responds to a call before sunset, and late at night, even with a bright moon, it may be too dark for a telling shot when the game appears.

Calling is most successfully done from a canoe drawn up under the shadow of the bank of a lake or stream. Even when the utmost precautions have been observed, the hunter may call and call all through the night and get no other answer than the echo of his birchen horn—a most mournful sound in the woods at night.

When a moose responds he can be heard crashing through the woods for half an hour or more before he appears in the open or on the opposite shore. Then, if it is light enough to see him plainly, is the time for a

steady nerve, good aim and a good rifle.

Indians are the best moose callers, the talent being born in them. They know the habits and peculiarities of the moose and graduate the time and tone of the call to suit the occasion. An old bull moose is about the most knowing animal that walks, and he will pay no attention to amateur horn blowing.

The old bulls are also very savage in the fall, and, as has been said, are always ready to fight anything. It has frequently happened that two bulls have come together in response to the same call and like other rival lovers have fought a duel to the death on the spot. A fight of this kind was witnessed on the west branch of the Penobscot last fall, in which the bulls fought until their horns became inseparably locked, and they died together.

The flesh of the bull moose is poor eating and no one but a very hungry man would care for it at this season, but the flesh of the cow is juicy and tender. A good many moose are killed not only in Canada but in Maine by poachers, who care only for the hides, and it is a wonder that the game was not exterminated long ago.

In Canada the moose are saved, doubtless, by going far north, beyond the range of the hunters, while in Maine the penalties of the law are sufficient to deter all except the boldest poachers from killing out of season, or more than the legal allowance—one bull, at least one year old. Cow moose and calves are protected by law at all times of the year.

Any man might like a fine moose or a pair of antlers, but few men would like to pay a fine of from \$500 to \$1,000 for breaking the moose law, much less to spend four months in jail in case he should not be able to pay the fine. It's a severe law, think some. An Old Town Indian expresses it briefly and to the point:

"Indian kill moose, go to jail; white man kill his brother for deer—too bad!"

A Fable From Nature.

A nightingale wooed, in a garden green,
The loveliest rose that ever was seen;
And he sang for her, with his wild-
ing art,
The tremulous plaint of a wistful heart.

"Dearest nightingale," said the little rose,
"Such a wonderful gift your songs disclose,
That I long for this world to share with me
The magical charm of your melody."

The nightingale thrilled with a joyous pride
As he flew to the tree-tops far and wide—
And plaintiff and tender and sweet he sang,
Till the whole green earth with his praises rang.

But the rose no echo nor tidings knew,
And paler and frailer each day she grew.
Yet bravely she answered the jeering rain—
"Nay, hush! for my love will come back again."

When the first wild joy of his song was spent,
The nightingale back to the garden went.
"Dear rose, I have brought you my fame," he said;
But no answer came—for the rose was dead.

—Puck.

Gave Them a Tip.

"Now, sir," said the cross-examining counsel, "answer 'Yes' or 'No.' The court does not want to know what you supposed. I supposed that I had my watch in my pocket this morning, but, as a matter of fact, I had left it on my dressing-room table. The court wants facts, not supposition."

The witness did not quibble any more and the case went quietly on. But when the lawyer arrived home that evening the wife of his bosom said to him:

"You must have been anxious about your watch to send four men after it—one after the other."

"What!" cried the lawyer, as a suspicion crossed his mind. "Did you give it to any of them?"

"Of course," she said, "I gave it to the first who called. Why, he actually knew where you had left it."—"Till-Bits."

Numberless Moose in Temagami.

Dan O'Connor, "The King of Temagami," says that the moose were never as abundant as this year, and that Temagami is a place to go for them. Fire Rangers and Prospectors from that district tell wonderful stories of the number of moose seen.

Full information as to rates, etc., can be had at Grand Trunk City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Several Exceptions.

"I see that a German wise man, Dr. Emil Reich, says that baldness is due to the stifling of the imagination." "Well, well, that's strange. I know several bald-headed clubmen who frequently get home in the early morning hours, and the excuses they make seem to indicate the possession of imagination of the highest order."—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

Presenting the Bright Side.

He—The critics say that my new novel is trash.
She—Cheer up! Maybe it will sell like trash.—"Smart Set."

Select Your Wife With Care

N selecting a wife many men go on the principle that, it being a matter of small consequence, almost any young thing will do. This is a great mistake.

The careful man, even in details like this, will still be governed by proper circumspection.

There are various kinds of wives to be had for the asking.

The display wife is extensively used in this country. She is well made, stylish, ready in social emergencies and gives much pleasure in showing her around. Under cover she is disappointing, and is apt to run up bills, but for certain purposes is in large demand.

The domestic wife sews and mends nicely, makes mustard plasters and griddle-cakes, is a poor cloak model, saves money, raises children and is useful in illness.

The literary wife reads, writes and talks. She entertains people you hate, gives functions you despise, makes cosy corners and trouble.

The economical wife makes over her own clothes, starves you nearly to death, and saves enough money so that you can have a good time with her successor—if you're lucky enough to have one.

The extravagant wife gives you a good time at twice what it's worth.

In selecting a wife, always, of course, pick out your opposite. If you have a large, generous, whole-souled nature, that loves company and is fond of travel, stag parties and demijohns, marry a combination cook, housekeeper and trained nurse. Someone should watch the home.

If you are a mean, contemptible, petty, niggardly human shrimp, marry a lovely, sweet, angelic, patient, deserving, womanly woman. Her character will be developed by suffering, thus giving you the opportunity to do some good.

Do not marry any woman just because she has money. Become instead her confidential adviser. You will make just as much out of it in the end without having to live with her.—Tom Masson, in "Life."

The Sweetest Meat.

When Uncle Silas sat down to supper that evening, his wife Chloe had a nice dish of savory fried chicken for him. The old man's eyes sparkled and his mouth watered as he gazed fondly at the tempting viands, and he could scarcely wait to invoke the divine blessing. After an eager mouthful or two he looked over at his wife.

"What' yo' done git dis yer fowl, Chloe?" he asked suspiciously.

"I done buyed hit outen a wagon," she replied with honest satisfaction.

He smacked his lips several times as if to be assured of the taste.

"Um, um!" he said critically. "I wuz a t'inkin' hit didn't somehow taste ez sweet ez dem yar pullets Ephraim done fotch in tudder mawnin'."

It is hardly necessary to state that Ephraim hadn't bought his.—"Judge."

Pleated Skirts.

Nothing in women's wear more daintily suggestive has been originated than pleated skirts. The continuance of these as the most modish, clearly suggests that they will supersede all others for the coming season.

The lines of these skirts define the figure sufficiently to prove becoming and also impart a good style to the wearer, while at the same time are suitable alike for house, street and evening wear.

The Featherbone Novelty Co., Ltd., 266-274 King St. West, make pleated skirts from your own material to measurements, giving careful attention to each individual order. Write them for catalogue of their different models which will be forwarded to you promptly. Courteous attention is accorded to all customers.

Taking Him Down.

"Crittick was pleased to say that my play had but few equals as a bit of realism," remarked young De Riter.

"He said even more than that," said Pepprey.

"Indeed?"

"Yes," he added; "and positively no inferiors."—Philadelphia "Public Ledger."

Must be Stopped.

Would-be passenger (to conductor)—"All the cars are full; it is disgusting, this railroad. Please tell the company, from me, that if this continues, I will withdraw my patronage and buy an automobile."—Translation from "L'Illustration."



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After Your Meal
take a glass of this
delicious Liqueur and
you will be assured of
perfect digestion.

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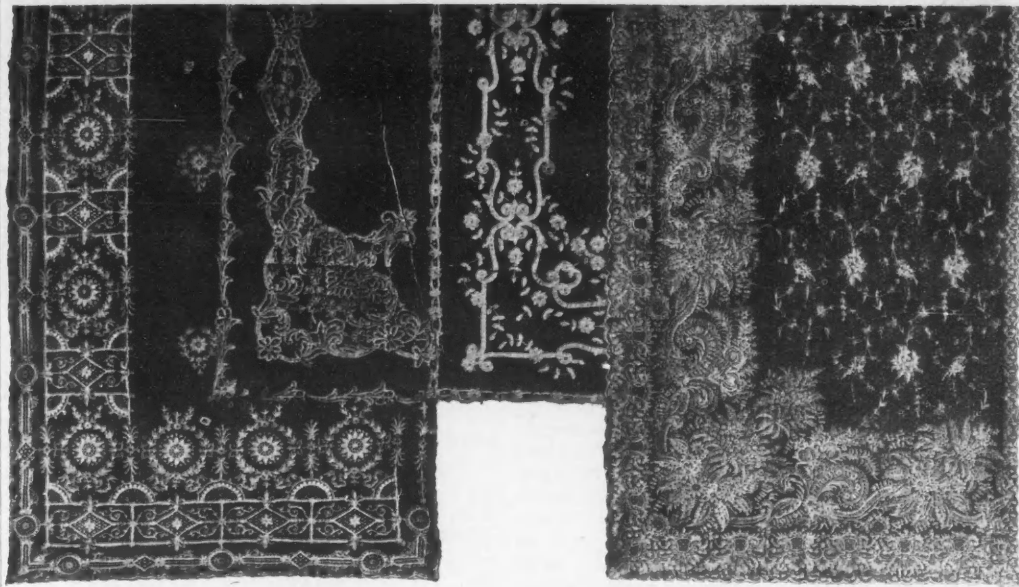
KAY'S

No. 12502.

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No. 2169.



No. 12502.

No. 13314.

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No. 2169.

A Great Showing of Lace Curtains

No. 12502.—Point Venise (Champagne). 1 3-4 x 3 1-2 yards. Per pair\$16.50 Others from ..\$9 to \$19

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No. 2169.—Tambour Lace (White). 1 3-4 to 4 yards. Price\$11.50 Others from ..\$4 to \$18

Our Curtain Department is one to which we have always devoted special thought and attention, and never with more gratifying results than this year. The designs are unusually beautiful and we show a greater variety than ever.

We give every care to the filling of out-of-town orders, and if desired will forward curtains on approval.

The half-tone illustration above, while it gives a fair idea of the patterns of the four handsome curtains represented, conveys nothing of the delicate texture of the groundwork or the fine needlework in which the patterns are worked.

Brief reference to a few other lines we carry is made below.

NOTTINGHAM LACE.

A splendid assortment which embraces many fac-simile copies of fine Brussels and Point Colbert designs, in White, Ivory and Arab. Prices range from ..\$1.50 to \$6.00

IRISH POINT.

A beautiful curtain, made of Brussels net, applied with embroidery ornaments in charming floral and conventional patterns.

We show a wide range of good designs in Ivory and White. At from\$2.00 to \$16.00

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The drawing-room curtain par excellence. Many new makes in lace curtains are introduced from time to time, but for use in this important room, Brussels is a standing favorite.

Our designs have been most carefully selected. Prices range from ..\$3.00 to \$65.00

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Hand-made curtains, similar in effect to the Point de Flanders, but not so elaborate.

Per pair\$55.00 to \$70.00

POINT DE FLANDERS.

A lace curtain of exquisite make, hand-worked on a background of linen scrim.

Per pair\$175.00

TAMBOUR SWISS LACE.

A fine example of this make is shown in the above illustrations (No. 2159). It is a curtain of great beauty and durability. We have a large stock, which includes some decided bargains.

Prices range from ..\$4.00 to \$18.00

Mail Orders for any of the above will receive our prompt and careful attention. We invite correspondence in regard to your requirements in Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Draperies, etc.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., Limited

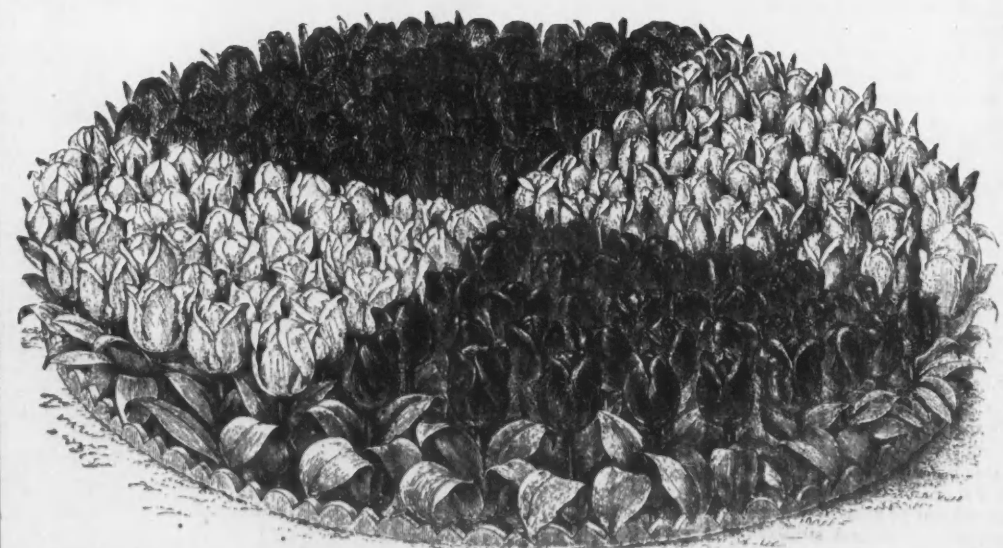
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Hyacinths, Narcissus, Tulips, Crocus, Etc., planted outside in the garden will make a fine show in Spring. Prices low this Fall.



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TUESDAY EVENING
and **WEDNESDAY MAT.**
"The Professor's Love Story,"
by J. M. Barrie.

WEDNESDAY EVENING
"The Man Who Was,"
by Rudyard Kipling, and
"David Garrick,"
by T. W. Robertson.

THURSDAY EVENING
"A Pair of Spectacles,"
by Sidney Grundy.

FRIDAY EVENING
"Colonel Newcome,"
by Michael Morton. Founded on
Thackeray's "The Newcomes."

SATURDAY MATINEE
"David Garrick,"
by T. W. Robertson.

SATURDAY EVENING
"Tom Pinch,"
by Charles Dickens.

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The Woman in the Case

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Prices—50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50

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A magnificent programme including Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

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After Monday next we will show some very chic hats of our own design, with a number of New York pattern hats. Also something new in furs for neckwear.

109 KING ST. WEST**THE DRAMA**

NEXT week Mr. E. S. Willard and his company will be seen at the Princess in a repertoire of old favorite plays which will never lose their charm as long as Mr. Willard presents them in his own inimitable way. "A Pair of Spectacles" and "The Man Who Was" which were first given here by Mr. Willard last year, will also be included in the repertoire, which is as follows: Monday, "The Middleman"; Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee, "The Professor's Love Story"; Wednesday evening, "The Man Who Was" and "David Garrick"; Thursday evening, "A Pair of Spectacles"; Friday evening, "Colonel Newcome"; Saturday matinee, "David Garrick"; Saturday evening, "Tom Pinch."

Few plays in recent years have created more comment than Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case," which for more than two hundred nights was acted in New York, and consequently there is likely to be capacity audiences at the Grand next week, when Eugenie Blair is to present it, with the big original Blanche Walsh production. The play, like most of Mr. Fitch's contributions, is very much up-to-date. Briefly speaking, it tells the story of a loving, faithful wife, who will not believe in the accusations against her husband, although they are supported by sufficient evidence to land him in prison. She not only believes him to be innocent but proves him so. He is the victim of a woman's revenge, a woman of just such a type as have supplied the yellow journals with the biggest headlines in recent criminal cases. The wife becomes for the time being a sort of female Sherlock Holmes, and goes for the woman in the case, from whom she ultimately wrings the truth and thus clears her husband. While the action of the play, which culminates in what has come to be called in New York the famous third act, is somewhat melodramatic, it is quite plausible. Indeed, the great success the play has enjoyed is chiefly due to the fact that the story in its main features is almost identical with that of one of the most famous actual life dramas with which the courts of justice have had to deal of late. As for Miss Blair herself, local playgoers will be glad to see her again in a role in which her well-known feminine charms have opportunity of display. Her gowns are the creations of the famous Mrs. Osborne, and they are said to be for the feminine playgoers an alluring attraction in themselves. The play is in four scenes two of which are richly decorated interiors that are intended to reflect the art, luxury and comfort of the 5th Avenue palaces in New York. Another hardly less interesting is the visitor's room in the famous Tombs prison.

The Hungarian Boys' Band will head the list of attractions at Shea's Theater next week. This band was in Toronto several years ago, and was well liked. Louis A. Simon and Grace Gardner Co. will present "The New Coachman," James I. Morton, "A Fellow of Infinite Jest," Manhattan Comedy Four, Daisy Dumont, Marcellus and Millay, Four Everetts, and the kinetograph will complete the bill.

Favorite of all favorites, Mr. E. S. Willard occupies in our stage affections a place apart, and his presentation at the Princess this week of "Colonel Newcome," the new play based on Thackeray's novel, "The Newcomes," has given us an increased admiration of his versatility. "Colonel Newcome" is a fine, frank, lovable character, just such a one as Mr. Willard is eminently qualified to portray, yet it is questionable whether this play will ever permanently displace in popular favor such old favorites as "The Professor's Love Story," "David Garrick" and "Tom Pinch." The popular estimate of "Colonel Newcome" is that it is "fine, very fine, but too sad." Mr. Willard's admirers love his smile so well that they miss something of his essential charm in a sombre play, and if I mistake not, they would forego much of art rather than have him die upon the stage. The pathos of the death scene at the conclusion of "Colonel Newcome" is such that the audience is strongly affected and there is little applause at the fall of the curtain, which is perhaps the best evidence that the actor's work is distinctly fine and realistic. But people like to applaud Mr. Willard. They like to leave a Willard play in a happy mood.

In his work of dramatization Mr. Michael Morton has succeeded quite admirably in the difficult task of evolving a play from "The Newcomes," but it is, of course, only a part of the novel that constitutes "Colonel Newcome." The first act drags somewhat, but after that the action runs along freely enough. In his new play Mr. Willard is, more than in almost any of his others, the whole play himself. He gives a most impressive portrayal of the character of the fine old soldier, guileless, brave, and full of simple dignity. His tender affection for his son, his consideration for all with whom he comes in contact, his fine spirit in denouncing the dishonorable conduct of his nephew, Sir Barnes Newcome, his own fine standard of honor, and the nobility of his resignation in the midst of calamity and at the hour when death calls—all these lovable characteristics

are strikingly and faithfully depicted. For some years past Mr. Willard has sought a play that would give wider range to his histrionic powers without essaying tragedy of a kind unsuited to his personality and temperament. In "Colonel Newcome" he has fully succeeded in this aim, from an artistic viewpoint. But it remains to be seen whether this strong and striking character will prove as popular as some of his roles that are less pretentious, but quite as finely human and which take us more into the sunshine and the brighter side of life—the atmosphere that we have naturally come to associate with Mr. Willard and his plays.

Miss Alice Lonnon is Mr. Willard's leading woman again this season, and most of his support of former years, including that clever young actor, Mr. I. F. Simpson, are still members of his company, which also includes several new members. The subordinate characters in "Colonel Newcome" do not afford much scope for a display of talent. Perhaps this is why his company this year appear to more than ever give inadequate support to an actor of Mr. Willard's unique and distinguished talent.

"Arrah-na-Pogue," the attraction at the Grand this week, is a true Irish play which by turns provokes mirth and tears. Mr. Andrew Mack, the noted Irish comedian is the star, and he is as successful as ever in his characteristic fun-making. He plays the role of "Shawn," the post, a carman of Wicklow, Ireland, and sings several excellent ballads well adapted to his pleasing tenor voice. Among the best of these are "Good Night, My Love, Good Night," "My Own Aushla Macree," and "The Wearing of the Green." The supporting company is very good. Miss Mae Stevenson, who plays the title role, has an excellent conception of Irish sentiment, and makes the most of her part especially in the emotional scenes of the drama.

The programme at Shea's this week is one of fun from beginning to end. On the bill are George Fuller Golden, who brings new jokes with him on each succeeding visit; Willy Zimmerman, the imitator of orchestra leaders;



EUGENIE BLAIR

In "The Woman in the Case," at the Grand next week.

"The Magpie and the Jay," a sketch by Carleton Macy, Maude Hall and Jennie Dodd; the Meredith sisters, who sing; Mile. Nadje, a clever acrobat; and Jean Bedini and company in "A Night in English Vaudeville."

"Nurse Marjorie," by Israel Zangwill, is the play with which Miss Eleanor Robson began her season on Wednesday evening of this week at the Liberty Theater, New York. In "Merely Mary Ann" by the same author, Miss Robson made her first success as a star and won her way to the affections of Toronto theatergoers. The first two acts of "Nurse Marjorie" are laid in a nursing home in the West End of London, the third in a Whitechapel "fish emporium," and the last in the home of a Newcastle shipbuilder. Miss Robson has the role of a nurse who has taken up the work from a sense of duty. The principal male character, "John Danbury, M. P.," played by H. B. Warner, is a patient at the home and finds his affinity in "Nurse Marjorie." Semi-socialism and political ambition are mingled in the love plot. Others in the cast are Rueben Fax, Ernest Mainwaring, A. G. Andrews, Hazard Short, Leslie Kenyon, W. A. Hackett, Ada Dwyer, Kate Denin Wilson and Essex Dane.

As announced in these columns last week Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller have selected for their appearance this season "The Great Divide," by William Vaughan Moody. The play was given its initial performance on Wednesday evening at the Princess Theater, New York. Miss Anglin is said to have a role stronger than she had in "Zira" and Mr. Miller the best part he has had since his creation of "Sydney Carton" in "The Only Way." The action takes place in Massachusetts and Arizona. Miss Anglin plays "Ruth Jordan," a New England girl, who finds in the product

of the West her lord and master. Mr. Miller has staged the piece elaborately. A strong cast has been provided, including Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Laura Hope Crews, Caroline Harris, Charles Wyngate, Robert Cummings, William J. Butler, Leon Roberts, Henry R. Walthall, Frederick Moore, Dolan Gagne and Bertram Harrison.

Digby Bell, another Toronto favorite, opened his third season as Mr. Pipp, in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," at the Nixon Theater, Pittsburgh, recently. The Smoky City critics were overwhelmingly enthusiastic in their praise of the delicious humor and the artistic quality of his performance. Mr. Bell's "Pipp" is the type of a shrewd, droll Pittsburgh millionaire of humble beginnings. He is a thoroughly decent and wholesome man—qualities which have not been attributed to Pittsburgh millionaires in a very long time. Digby Bell began his professional career as a singer in grand opera. He studied for five years in Milan and Naples, and made his debut in "Il Trovatore," singing the leading baritone role. This occurred on the Island of Malta. After singing in the principal cities of Europe, he returned to his native land. His entrance into the field of comic opera, in which he has won so many distinguished successes, was largely due to an occurrence which at the time seemed a misfortune. He was touring with a grand opera company which was stranded at Montreal, Canada, because the manager decamped with the funds. At that time "Pinafore" was just coming into vogue and the manager of the theater offered to make a production of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera if the company would agree to appear in it. They decided to organize on the co-operative plan and elected Bell manager. He also played the part of Sir Joseph and made a success that received immediate recognition. The company was very successful and subsequently appeared for a long run at Hooley's theater (now Powers), Chicago. Since that time Digby Bell's position as a comic opera comedian has always been among the highest. But all of his previous successes have been outshone by his comedy triumph as Mr. Pipp in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," Augustus Thomas' latest and most brilliant comedy.

Social and Personal

Mrs. Wm. J. Brady (nee Burton) will receive for the first time since her marriage at 74 Hephbourne St., Thursday, October 25th, afternoon and evening, afterwards the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones have returned from England.

Mrs. Harry C. Wilson (nee Fullerton) will receive for the first time since her marriage with her mother Mrs. Wm. Fullerton, 23 Wilton Crescent, on Thursday, Oct. 25, afternoon and evening, and afterwards on the fourth Thursdays of each month.

A very fine day and a large attendance at the prize-giving was the happy state of affairs at Upper Canada College on Wednesday. Colonel Taylor of R. M. College, Kingston, was the guest of Principal and Mrs. Auden. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with Major Macdonald in attendance, was present at the function, and Mrs. Mortimer Clark was presented with a very fine bouquet of pink roses. His Honor presented the Governor-General's prize to Stairs, the Head Boy of the school, and Canon Welsh and Canon Cody with several others presented other prizes. Mrs. Auden entertained at tea in the principal's quarters and an immense lot of guests were present. People who came in motors found it hard coming up Avenue Road owing to the displacement for the new line of railway. Mrs. Melvin-Jones was among the returned travellers who received hearty welcome. Miss Melvin-Jones has been much under the weather since their return home last Saturday. The Senator was expected back from the Northwest on Thanksgiving Day. Some others at the college on Wednesday were Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. George, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Miss Constance Laing, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Miss Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Kennin, Dr. Dickson, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, the Misses MacKellar, and hosts of others.

Mrs. D. W. Alexander, of Meadowbank, is arranging to give her first afternoon tea of the crush variety, and I believe it will be on the 29th. She has a lovely home and is a very cordial and charming hostess, so naturally people are looking forward to it greatly.

Mrs. Leonard Vaux, wife of Major Vaux, will receive for the first time in her new home, 20 Tyndall Avenue, on next Thursday, Oct. 25. Mrs. Vaux will receive on Thursdays in November and not again this year.

Miss Marjorie Arnold's engagement to Mr. Douglas Warren has aroused congratulations to both popular young people.

Lots of pretty little affairs are being given for Miss Norma Stevens whose marriage takes place on November 10th. Three of those popular bride-elect "showers," a "handkerchief" by Mrs. Sherman Sutton, a "tin" by Miss Cronyn and a "linen" shower by Miss Joyce Grant have already been given, and another by Miss Brenda Smellie is to take place one day next week, by which time the invitations to the happy event of the 10th will, I understand, be out.

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SACRED Harmonic Society is quite a good title for the new choral association now being organized, with Dr. J. Persse Smith as conductor. I understand that the society proposes to devote their attention mainly to the performance of the beautiful music of the great Roman Catholic composers, which are in danger of being lost a hearing owing to the present attitude of the Pope towards elaborate music. A preliminary meeting of singers interested in the new undertaking was held at the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening last, and there was a gratifying attendance of nearly fifty people. It was decided to produce Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" as an initial effort, and the meeting adjourned to meet at the same place on Wednesday evening next.

Who would be an organist in England? Certainly not a Toronto musician, one would think. The following letter, dated Hollywell, 1850, printed in the London "Musical Times," illustrates the point:

To the rate-payers of the parish of St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford.

Gentlemen:—I regret to find that it is the wish of some of the rate-payers to reduce my salary from £20 to £15 per annum, the reason assigned being that the sum of £5 was added to the original stipend in consideration of my teaching the boys to sing psalms in the church. I think that some misunderstanding exists on this point, which I will endeavor to clear away. When I was appointed organist, I understood that part of my duty was to practise the singing boys, which I did every week. When chanting and additional music were introduced into the service, my salary was raised to £20, and Mr. Hamilton (then your vicar) told me that some ladies wished to teach the children to sing, but that I was still required to attend once during the week to play to the singers, and this attendance, with few exceptions (illness or very urgent business preventing), I have given up to the present time.

On enquiry I find that no organist in Oxford is paid less than £20 per annum, and a few receive more for performing the same duty that I do. If you think that I am overpaid, and that £5 will be an important saving to the parish, I shall submit to the reduction. I am, yours obediently, A. R. Keimigle.

Organist of St. Peter-in-the-East.

Concerning Edward Elgar's new oratorio, "The Kingdom," the London "Musical Times" says that "as in 'The Apostles,' the composer has, with one exception, selected the text of his oratorio from the Bible, and in so doing he has drawn from those inexhaustible riches which have inspired the best thoughts of the great masters of music. The exception is the use he has made of the 'Didache,' or 'Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.' This is one of the oldest manuals of Christian teaching, dating perhaps from the first century, but of unknown authorship. It was rediscovered in 1873 in a manuscript found at the library of the Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre at Constantinople. In selecting the title of his new work Sir Edward realized that 'The Kingdom' is no circumscribed environment, but that it embraces and touches all men. In his choice of texts he has given further proof of his theological knowledge and of his constructive insight."

Returning to America after thirteen years in England, Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, expresses in the "Musical Courier" his dissatisfaction with American theater orchestras, as compared with those in that country. It is only a question of time, he believes, when there will be improvement. "Managers dare not now put bare wooden seats in their theaters, even if they cost less than the upholstered fauteuils. Nor would the plea of economy excuse a director from lighting his place of entertainment with candles instead of electricity. It is only in matters pertaining to the ear that the managerial economist can tell his public that he cannot afford to furnish better orchestras. One of these days, the ears of the public will be as much considered by the management as are now their eyes and their backs and the rest of the anatomy that sits."

Mr. Edward Barton, basso of the Sherlock Male Quartette, appeared in Peterboro last week, and has received a return engagement to that city, which proves that he was well appreciated as a soloist. The Peterboro "Examiner" says: "During the evening Mr. Edward Barton of Toronto sang two solos in splendid fashion, his magnificent bass being displayed to great advantage. Mr. Barton's engagements already booked for this season include Columbus, Sonoma, Peterboro, Grand Valley, Dundas, Niagara Falls and Oakville. As a concert artist he expects a very busy season, and is singing in the best of form."

An exceedingly busy season is being experienced at the Metropolitan School of Music, the enrolment of pupils being far in excess of that at the corresponding date in any previous year. For various obvious reasons the present time is an auspicious

one for new pupils to register, and one which may be mentioned in particular is the opportunity to take advantage of the course of instruction in musical theory, which will be given free of charge to pupils of the institution. Some valuable scholarships are announced in the Metropolitan's calendar, to be awarded at the close of the season, these being known as the "Osler," the "Macdonald," the "Mason and Risch" and the "Heintzman and Co.," and at the same time the "A. A. Barthelme and Co." gold medal will also be awarded.

The annual concert of the Toronto College of Music will be given in Massey Hall on Monday evening, October 29, at 8 o'clock. Tickets can be obtained, free of charge, at the college, from Nordheimer's, King street east, the Anglo-Canadian Music Store and Whaley, Royce & Co., Yonge street. These tickets can be exchanged at Massey Hall on and after Friday, the 26th, for reserved seats on payment of ten cents.

The choir of Queen street east Presbyterian Church announce a concert for Monday evening, under the direction of Mrs. Lillie, the choir leader. Assistance will be given by Hartwell de Mille, bass; B. B. Nelson, tenor; little Beatrice Lillie, character vocalist; May Duncan, reader, and M. Davidson.

Miss Rachel Gwyn's vocal recital at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week proved quite a fashionable event, society being well represented to the extent of the occupancy of every seat in the hall of the institution. Miss Gwyn is a young Canadian, who has been studying in Europe, one of her teachers having been Victor Maurel. She has a soprano voice of sweet and engaging quality and her style and method show that she has had the advantage of careful training. Her first programme number was the "Batti, Batti," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a number unfortunately not often heard at concerts in these days. It is a deceptive piece, its frank melody and naive causing people to fancy that it is easy to sing. On the contrary, it is difficult music; its texture taxes the weak part of the voice, and its clearness betrays the slightest slip of execution or slovenliness of phrasing. Miss Gwyn was given an enthusiastic tribute of applause on the completion of this excerpt, and was the recipient of an embarrassing number of floral offerings. On her second appearance she gave a group of three songs—Brahms' "Good Even, My Sweetheart," Gervae's "Chant de Venus," and Gaston Lemaire's gavotte song, "Vous Dansez, Marquise." The last-named pleased the audience highly, Miss Gwyn singing it with grace and archness. Bishop's "Should He Unbraid," sung later on, was very acceptable, as were also the old street ballad, "I Once Loved a Boy" and Leon's "Coolan Dhu," which were rendered with much charm of manner. Miss Gwyn was assisted by Mr. George Fox, the Canadian solo violinist, who played the Wagner "Prelude," the Wieniawski "Valse Caprice" and the Vieuxtemps "Reverie" with his accustomed brilliancy of execution and sonority and dignity of tone. Mr. Lautz accompanied on the piano with care and judgment.

On Friday evening of last week Dr. Frederic Nicolai gave a violin-cello recital, assisted by Mrs. McLean-Dilworth, vocalist; Mrs. Percy Coward, pianist, and Mr. H. C. Corner, violinist. The recital proved very interesting, including the 'cello sonata by Richard Strauss, Op. 6,

Chaminade's trio for piano, violin and 'cello, Op. 34 (the slow movement), Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise Brillante for piano and 'cello, and three songs by George Henschel. Dr. Nicolai played with neat execution and an appealing singing tone in the cantabile passages. The Chaminade trio was interpreted with a good ensemble, Mr. Corner acquitting himself in his part with credit. Mrs. Coward revealed herself to be an accomplished pianist, and Mrs. Dilworth sang her numbers very acceptably.

Miss L. B. Van Horn, soprano, recently soloist for the Metropolitan Church, has accepted a similar position with the Broadway Tabernacle.

The concert of the Besses o' th' Barn Band at Massey Hall last week were but poorly attended, and in consequence the band were not heard to the best advantage, some of the effects being rather noisy for lack of sufficient human material in the auditorium to check superfluous vibration. The fact that the band had played earlier in the season at the Island for a week had no doubt something to do with the thin attendance. At the opening concert the "Poet and Peasant Overture" was the "piece de resistance," and was played with plenty of spirit, while the popular features were the solos for cornet and trombone by Messrs. T. G. Moore and T. Bowling respectively. Both performers showed themselves to be uncommonly talented players.

CHERUBINO.

Massey Hall should be taxed to its utmost capacity on Thursday, November 1, when the sergeants of the 48th Highlanders give their concert, "A Night Under Canvas," as the talent will be first-class. The sergeants, under Bandmaster Slater, are working hard on the several choruses which they will sing. In addition to the choruses, eight of the sergeants, under the direction of Sergeant D. W. Smith, will dance the Scotch Reel, also the Reel o' Tulloch, which they will perform with torches, as danced before His Majesty the King by the Scots Guards. The Toronto Male Quartette, composed of Messrs. Alec Gorrie, Frank Benmore, Ruthven Macdonald and A. L. E. Davies, will contribute numbers to the programme. Fests, camp fires and other decorations, along with the gay uniforms of the Kilts, will make the stage of Massey Hall a very interesting sight.

Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The celebrated New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, will appear at Massey Hall next Thursday evening. The coming of this great organization and its noted leader will be looked forward to with the greatest interest.

For twenty years Mr. Damrosch has been spreading the gospel of music in America. A son of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, he took up the work which his distinguished father so ably began, and almost without respite has devoted himself to the cause of Wagner. He was but twenty-three years old when elected conductor of the New York Oratorio Society, at the same time being chosen assistant director to Edmund Stanton at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. When French and Italian operas supplanted the German opera, Mr. Damrosch founded the noted Damrosch Opera Company for the production of Wagner music dramas in German, and under the Grau regime, during the winters of 1900 and 1901, he returned to the Metropolitan as sole conductor for the German opera. He was conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1902, but as his plans for reorganization were not properly supported, he severed his connection and reorganized the New York Symphony.

Under Mr. Damrosch's guidance, the New York Symphony has prospered, and now, aided by a generous subsidy subscribed by New York patrons, it has reached a high degree of excellence. It plays about 300 concerts yearly, and has the added distinction of being the only symphony orchestra kept together in summer as well as winter. Its rank is established, and universally acknowledged.

The programme is a most attractive one, and includes Tchaikowsky's Symphony, the other numbers being Prelude to the Meistersingers, Bach's Suite for Flute Solo, Svendsen's "Romance" for violin (soloist Mr. David Mannes), and the Rheni Overture.



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Recently the New York "World" has been running a series of prize questions, the first of which was: "How can you tell a man from Chicago?" Some acute person won ten dollars by the following answer: "You can't tell him anything."

A school teacher says this sweeping answer was made by a pupil in a history lesson: "How many wars," she asked this pupil, "did England fight with Spain?" "Six," the pupil answered. "Six," said the teacher. "Enumerate them, please." "One, two, three, four, five, six," said the little girl.

A police captain was about to raid a New York gambling den. At midnight, taking his place at the head of a squad of stalwart men, he looked them over closely, and then said to his lieutenant: "Is everything ready for this raid?" "Yes, sir," replied the lieutenant, saluting. "Our arms are in first-rate order, here are the reporters, there are the flashlight camera men, and I notified the proprietor of the place this afternoon."

A silly little lady had a husband, a lover of gaiety, who was inclined to neglect his wife. This lady, while spending the winter in Devonshire, said one day at the country post-office: "Dear me, what a silly mistake you postoffice people have made." "How, madam?" asked the clerk. "Why," she explained, with a titter, "here I have just gotten a letter from my husband, who is working hard in London, and the envelope is post-marked Monte Carlo."

Crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne on a sea that was more rough than pleasant were two well-known members of the legal profession, a judge and a barrister. The latter was suffering silently but sorely when the judge happened to drop against him as he leaned disconsolately over the taffrail. "H'm. You don't seem quite at home here," remarked his lordship. "Can I do anything for you?" "Yes," gasped the seafaring lawyer, "I wish you would overrule this motion."

Commercial travellers have some funny experiences. The other day a Toronto drummer on the northern branch of the G.T.R. was, according to his own story, addressed by a woman sitting behind him: "Pardon me, sir," she said, "but would you mind assisting me off at the next station? You see, I am very large, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this at three stations."

One night Paganini was going to the Paris Opera House, where he was to astonish everybody by playing on one string. Being late he took a cab, and when he arrived at his destination the cabby wanted ten francs. "What," he exclaimed, "you are crazy; I have only had you five minutes." "I know it is much," said the other, "but for you who make a fortune by playing on one string it must be ten francs." "Well," said Paganini, handing him the right fare, "when you can make your cab go on one wheel come to me and I will give you ten francs."

Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska who was representing the defense in a recent trial in one of the State courts, arose the other day to reply to arguments of counsel for the government on a point of law. In deliberate and impressive manner the attorney began a forceful presentation to the court. Before he had fairly launched his counter attack, however, he was interrupted by the presiding justice, who said that he was about to decide the case in favor of Senator Thurston. "In that case," remarked Mr. Thurston, resuming his seat at once, "I will make no speech to the court for fear of changing your honor's opinion."

Talleyrand at his dinner parties in serving graduated his manners to his guests' rank this way: To a prince of royal blood: "May I have the honor of offering your royal highness a little beef?" To a duke: "Monseigneur, permit me to offer you some beef?" To a marquis: "Marquis, may I cut you a little beef?" To a viscount: "Viscount,

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have some beef?" To a baron: "Baron, some beef?" To an untitled gentleman: "Some beef?" To his secretary: "Beef?" When there was present a person even inferior to the secretary, to him Talleyrand did not say as much as a word. He simply looked at the man, and pointed the carving knife at the beef interrogatively.

An American visiting Dublin told some startling stories about the height of some of the New York buildings. An Irishman who was listening stood it as long as he could, then queried: "Ye haven't seen our newest hotel, have ye?" The American thought not. "Well," said the Irishman, "it's so tall that we had to put the two top stories on hinges." "What for?" asked the American. "So we could let 'em down till the moon went by," said Pat.

Colton Maynard, an instructor in English at the Cheshire Academy, Cheshire, Conn., has been in the habit for some time of asking the boys in his Shakespeare class to give appropriate titles for the scenes in different plays. The other day after reading "The Merchant of Venice," he asked one of the boys to suggest a good title for the scene where Jessica steals away from her father's house with Lorenzo. The boy showed his familiarity with melodrama, if not with Shakespeare, by answering quickly, "No Mother to Guide Her."

There is a true story of one young woman who has devoted almost a year to pulling wires and using all possible influence to gain an interview with a certain theatrical manager. At last her hopes were realized: she got her appointment and she was finally ushered into the manager's private office. He received her most cordially and offered her a chair. "Thank you," she said, gratefully, "I think I will sit down. I've been ten months getting here and I'm a little tired." And the manager, who is really a great man and has a sense of humor, promptly engaged her.

Henry B. Stanford, for several years the leading man with Sir Henry Irving's company, tells this good story of the famous actor: "Sir Henry's wit was of an almost Voltairean character. Once while I was rehearsing 'Faust' with him at the Lyceum Theatre in London—we were doing the Brockin scene and he had occasion to reproach an army of exuberant supers—he stopped the rehearsal and all was silence. Then, in that quiet, grim way of his, he said: 'Very charming—but you must remember that you are in hell—not picknicking on Hampstead Heath.'"

Henry Ward Beecher once said, apropos of begging-letter writers: "I receive hundreds a month, but one which came the other day beat anything I had ever read before. The application was from a woman, and it ran something like this: 'Please send me fifty dollars by return of post, otherwise I shall be forced to part with my honor.' I just wrote back: 'My Dear Madame—I am in receipt of your letter of the 18th inst., and in reply would state that if you don't put a greater value on your honor than fifty dollars it doesn't seem to me to be of much consequence whether you part with it or not.'"

Miss Mary S. Anthony, the sister of the famous Susan B. Anthony, was talking about the old, old accusation against woman that she cannot keep a secret. "A woman," said Miss Anthony, "can keep an important secret as well as a man. The secrets she reveals are slight and harmless ones, such as any man would reveal. Where is the woman who ever tells a secret that reflects on her husband or her own children? I know a man who one day refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which, naturally, she took a deep interest. 'No,' he sneered, 'I won't tell you. If I did, you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret.' 'John,' said the woman quietly, 'have I ever told the secret about the solitary engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago, being past?'"

A Southern gentleman, carving a chicken at dinner one day, was perplexed to find that the bird had but one leg. The nervousness of his discovery gave him a clue to the fate of the other leg. When the meal was over he questioned the darky. "Dat subtlely am strange, sub. It mus' be dat fat fool bird only had one laig in de dust place." "Washington," said the master, severely, "did you ever see a chicken with but one leg?" Just then the darky caught sight of a fowl in the yard with one leg drawn up under her. "Quick, massa, look dere!" he cried, excitedly. "Dar's one

now." The gentleman went to the door and said, "Shoo!" The fowl quickly lowered the hidden leg and scurried off. "Yes, massa, yes," protested the darky, "but yo' nevah said 'shoo' to de one on de table."

A guest who had registered at the Shirley Hotel yesterday afternoon was approached by a boy with a telegram. It had \$1 charges on it. "What," said the guest, before opening it, "A dollar charges! I won't pay it. Anybody who cannot pay for his messages when wiring me is certainly a cheap one. Wait a minute! I'll just let you report this uncollected and the sender may pay the charges." At that he tore the envelope open. As he read a smile settled on his face, and pulling a dollar from his pocket, he handed it to the boy. "It's all right," he said. Then he threw the message on the counter. "Read it!" he said to C. T. Newton, the clerk. The message read: "Papa's little girl sends him fifty bushels of love, and wishes he was home to kiss her good night. Nellie."

The railway platform at Heidelberg was crowded with hurrying people of many nationalities, but the American traveller from Connecticut, who was trying to reach his family, felt that one man pushed against him with unnecessary roughness. "See here," he said, turning on the offender, "you stop jostling me that way." He had hardly expected his words to be understood, but the young man whom he had accosted drew himself up haughtily and said in excellent English, tinged by a slight German accent: "I am at your service, sir, at any time and place." "Well, now, that's something like," said the traveller, hooking his arm into the haughty young man's. "You carry this grip of mine, and take me to a good hotel. You're just the man I've been looking for and didn't know how to find."

A worthy professor was invited to dine at the house of a lady of fashion. The day was hot, the wine cool, the professor's thirst great, and the fair neighbor with whom the professor was engaged in a lively conversation filled his glass as often as it was emptied. When the company rose from the table, the professor noticed, to his great consternation, that he was unsteady on his feet. In his anxiety to save appearances, he repaired to the drawing-room, where the lady of the house yielded to the wishes of her lady friends and ordered the nurse to bring in the baby twins. The pair were lying together on a pillow, and the nurse presented them for inspection to the person nearest the door, who happened to be the professor. The latter gazed intently at them for a while, as if deciding whether or not there were two or one, and then said, somewhat huskily: "Really, what a bonny little child!"

A characteristic episode of the artistic life is told by "Gil Blas." One day three friends in Paris were taking a walk together. "I should like to have an exquisite lunch," said one of the three. "I should be satisfied with a lunch," said the second, "which is a little short of being exquisite." "And I," remarked the third one, "should feel content with any kind of lunch." Unfortunately none of them was possessed of the necessary money. Presently one of the trio was struck by an idea. He led his friends to a music publisher and made him an offer: "Buy from us a song. This gentleman wrote the text, that one set it to music, and I shall sing it, as I am the only one of us with a good voice." "Well, sing it for a trial," answered the publisher. The young man complied, and the publisher seemed to be satisfied. He paid fifteen francs for the song, and the friends hastened joyfully to a restaurant. The author of the text was Alfred de Musset, the musician was Monperr, and the singer Dupre. The song which was bought and paid for with fifteen francs, "The Andalusian Girl," yielded the publisher 40,000 francs.

There was fire in the woman's eye, the sound of battle in her voice. The man at the desk saw her coming and pushed forward a heavy blue volume. "Write it down there," he said. "What is that for?" she asked. "Complaints," he said. "Everybody who has any fault to find with the management of this store is respectfully requested to register her kicks in this book. Every morning the managers of the different departments look over the entries of the preceding day. If a customer has been subjected to impudence, if she has had difficulty in getting waited on, if goods have not been delivered promptly, or if a hundred and one other disagreeable things have happened, all she has to do is to say so, and every effort will be made to improve the conditions, always provided that the complainant signs her right name, so that she may be produced as a witness." The woman looked over the four pages of complaints that had been entered on that day only. "What a queer idea," she said. "It may be queer," he said, "but it is a mighty good idea. It is a great labor saver. Without that book we would have to hire half a dozen extra employees. Did you write down your complaint?" "No," said the woman, "I don't believe I have anything to say."

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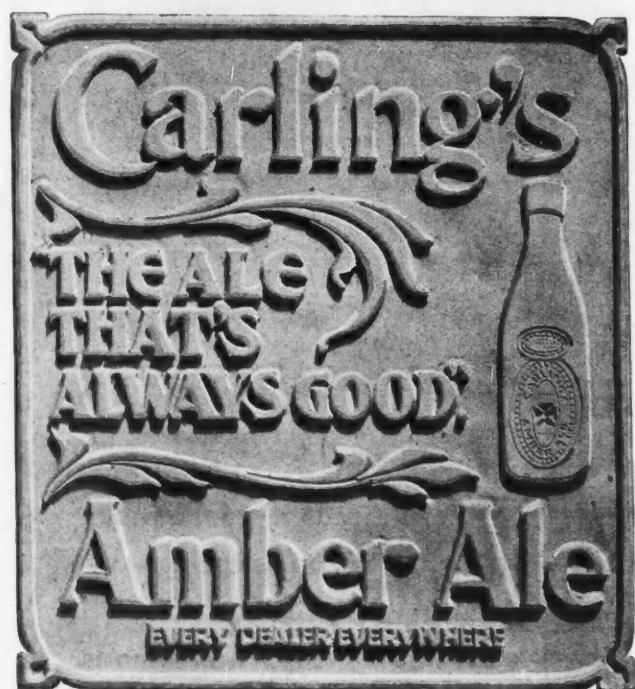


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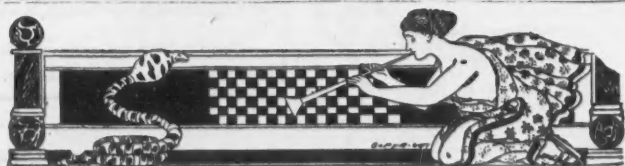
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APPLES

Canada's Great Wasted Harvest

In a recent issue we had an article calling public attention to the tremendous waste in the apple crop of Ontario, and asserting that it was a question not for fruit-growers only, but one that concerned the entire public and deserved the serious consideration of Parliament. The waste in fruit is so great as to constitute a serious national loss. A great deal of the waste is due to bad management, want of organization, shiftlessness. But the "Farmers' Advocate" calls attention to a point overlooked in our article. It says that during many years apple trees of varieties altogether unsuitable, were sold and planted throughout the province, and a great deal of the fruit that rots on the ground or is fed to hogs, ripens too early, and could never prove of particular value in the market. There is considerable truth in this. From the current issue of the "advocate" we reproduce two pictures, one showing the cold storage building at St. Catharines, which local fruit growers clubbed together and built, and the other showing a refrigerator car being loaded direct from wagons.

Having urged that the salvation of the apple crop required the establishment of cold storage warehouses in the different fruit centers, it may be worth while to quote, for the information of readers, some particulars about the St. Catharines plant. "The building is of cement, and, though not very imposing, is well suited for its purpose, and conveniently situated on a branch of the Grand Trunk Railway. After careful consideration, it was decided to install the system known as the Linde-British. Cooling by means of ice was seen to be inefficient when large quantities of fruit would be put in to be cooled in a night. Under some mechanical systems, in which the cooling pipes are in the same chamber as the fruit, and there is no movement of air, a hurtful dampness prevails. In the Linde-British system, the cooling pipes are in an adjoining chamber, and, by means of a fan, a current of cool, dry air is kept in circulation about the product to be chilled. The building alone cost \$5,500; the cold storage plant, which is operated by a twenty-horse-power electric motor, cost \$3,500. The company, besides doing forwarding business, keeps on hand fruit-growers' supplies, such as spray pumps, spraying material, ladders, boxes, baskets, etc. Dividends have never been the aim of those forming the company, rather the development of the fruit business. When it was found that one cent per basket for forwarding left a considerable sum over expenses, the rate was lowered to half a cent, at which rate it still stands. For fruit sent in refrigerator cars, however, one cent per basket is charged. Until two years ago, the members of the company enjoyed no direct advantage over any one shipping through them, but now, in the matter of supplies, they are charged wholesale rates only."

From this cold storage warehouse two cars of mixed fruit go each week to Winnipeg—twenty in all to October 1, besides those sent to Brandon and Calgary. It was in regard to the Northwest trade that particular enquiry was made. For that trade, it has been found best to send fruit of all kinds in season in each car. Most cars have contained apples, pears, plums, peaches, crabs, grapes and tomatoes.

All cars for the West are iced the day before they are loaded, and after being loaded are again filled up. The railway company sees to the icing on the way, at a cost of from seven to ten dollars per car. The temperature maintained during the journey has been very satisfactory. All shipments are sent by way of Chicago, the explanation being that they are put through in shorter time and are more carefully iced on the way. The market in the West is a good one—the whole secret of success is to send good fruit, and deliver it in first-class condition.

Some day the apple crop of Canada will be a source of immense revenue to the farmers, and will enrich towns. But it is not enough to have cold storage on the ocean boats and on the cars—cold storage is needed in the various fruit centers. Behind all that again there is needed a campaign of education in behalf of the apple as the hope of the country.

Cafe, Buffet, Dining and Parlor Cars.

The Grand Trunk Railway System are constantly improving and adding to their service. Leaving Toronto, going west, the 7.35 a.m. train has cafe parlor car to Detroit. International Limited at 4.30 p.m. has buffet parlor car to London and cafe parlor car to Detroit. Going east, the 9 a.m. train has cafe parlor car to Montreal. North, at 9 a.m., parlor car to Gravenhurst; 1.45 p.m., cafe parlor car to North Bay; 5.20 p.m., parlor car for Collingwood and Meaford; 5 p.m., parlor cars for Midland, and 7.05 p.m. for Peterborough.

To St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo, buffet parlor cars on trains leaving Toronto 9 a.m. and 5 p.m., and cafe parlor car on 6.10 p.m., all running through to Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Reservations should be made at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets in advance.

No Kissing in Indiana.

Indiana having grappled successfully with the perfidious cigarette, is out for new prey. The State Board of Health has ordered this notice up on the bulletin-boards of the public schools:

"Do not kiss any one on the mouth or allow any one to do so to you."

Indiana is a careful State. Folks hereabouts are much interested in their people and their customs. A family of native Indians living their home life under their State laws would make a most interesting, edifying and popular exhibit at Coney Island.—"Harper's Weekly."

Nothing' Doin'.

The Hobo—Please, mister, will youse gimme a few pennies for me starving wife?

Old Bachelor—Not me. In the first place I haven't got any pennies; in the second place I have no earthly use for a starving wife, and in the third place I don't want a wife anyway.—"Columbus Dispatch."

The Flat Dweller's Tip-Toe Habit

ONE habit I don't get over yet," said a one time flat dweller who has now attained to the dignity of a house, "is that of walking around on my toes."

"We lived in a flat-house under a family whose floors were uncarpeted, and who used to walk around on those bare floors flat-footed with their heavy shoes on—tramp, tramp, tramp all the time. Over our heads it was always thundering, and sometimes it used to drive us pretty nearly distracted. They were nice, well meaning people, all right, but they just didn't think, and we had to suffer for it."

"But it made me think that if their walking around like that over us disturbed us so, what must our walking around be to the people under us?"

"That led to my forming this tip-toeing habit that still clings to me. From going on tiptoe on the bare places I came to walking on tiptoe all around our flat, where we had carpets or rugs as well, and so at last I came to walk instinctively along the tiled floor of the hall without."

"Some of my folks laughed at me, but I taught them at least all to walk softly in the flat, while with me the tiptoe habit became confirmed."

"Then fortune smiled on us rather broadly and here we are, as you see us, in a house, where we could jump on the floors if we wanted to and never disturb anybody. But the tiptoe habit formed in the flat still clings to me and frequently I find myself, as you found me just now, walking around here on my toes."

"You wondered at it. I wonder at myself when I find myself walking around that way, when it comes to me that I am tiptoeing, and my folks say I make myself ridiculous and scandalize the whole family. And still I don't seem quite to get over going around so. It's the force of habit, you know; that's all."

"But I shall get over it all right in time. It's an ingrained sort of habit, but even now, and we've only been here about six months, I find the greatest sort of luxury in walking around the house freely and naturally as I would anywhere, without fear of disturbing anybody, and I'm doing that more and more all the time and it won't be long now before I'll be able to stop tiptoeing altogether."—New York "Sun."

Caledonia Springs, Ont.

The C. P. R. has built and refurbished a comfortable winter hotel at the Springs, with fine airy rooms and the sulphur baths under one roof, easier to keep warm and cosy than the large summer hotel. Perfect attendance and a splendid table will remain a feature of Caledonia; the baths and waters are ready to cure every wintry ill; in short, visitors will find Caledonia Springs as delightful a winter resort as it is in summer. Return fare from Toronto for Thanksgiving only \$9.45; fast service on the C. P. R.



THE FRUIT COLD STORAGE WAREHOUSE, ST. CATHARINES

The Most Important Household Item

Armour's Solid Extract of Beef

(POTTED IN CANADA)
not only supplies color and flavor to soups, sauces and gravies—but a quarter teaspoonful in a cup of hot water makes a bracing cup to the invalid or convalescent.

Armour's Extract of Beef is more economical than others because it goes four times as far.

Write for free Booklet "Culinary Winkles" which tells how to use Armour's Solid Beef Extract.

ARMOUR LIMITED - Toronto
CANADIAN FACTORY—17 FRONT STREET EAST

Comments on the

Wall Paper

are sure to be made. Will they be complimentary or otherwise?—rests with each purchaser. Each paper in our stock has distinctive merits. With one it is the exquisite detail of the design, or the blending of the soft and a blued tones; with others it is the beautiful and harmonious blending of contrasting colors, which call forth exclamations of admiration.

These papers, besides being remarkable for their beauty, have the additional attraction of a remarkably low price.

The W. J. BOLUS CO. LIMITED.
245 Yonge St., Toronto.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. ROYAL MAIL SERVICE—FINEST AND FASTEST—"EMPRESSES"

IMPORTANT
FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

"LAKE MANITOBA," Nov. 24th.
"EMPERESS OF BRITAIN," Oct. 19th, Nov. 10th.
"LAKE CHAMPLAIN," Oct. 27th.
"EMPERESS OF IRELAND," Nov. 2nd.
"LAKE ERIE," Nov. 10th.

1st. cabin \$65.00 and upwards; according to steamer; one-class steamers (intermediate) \$42.50; 2nd cabin \$40.00 up; 3rd class \$20.50 and \$28.75. Apply at once for our illustrated booklet descriptive of our superior 3rd class accommodation.

FROM MONTREAL TO LONDON DIRECT.

"MOUNT TEMPLE" Oct. 28th, carrying 2nd and 3rd only, at rates \$40 and \$26.50.
"LAKE MICHIGAN," Nov. 4th, carrying 3rd class only at \$26.50.

Apply for complete sailings.

S. J. SHARP, Western Pass. Agent, Phone Main 2920, 80 Yonge Street, Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM HUNTERS, ARE YOU GAME?

The Grand Trunk are offering single fare to all points in Tenagami, points Mattawa to Port Arthur, to South St. Marie and Port Arthur via N. N. Co. to Georgian Bay and Lake Superior points via N. N. Co. (to points on N. N. Co. extra charge will be made for meals and berths returning), to certain Quebec points.

Tickets on Sale
To Penetang, Midland, Lakefield, all points Severn to North Bay, Argyle to Coburn, Lindsay to Haliburton, Madawaska to Depot Harbor, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, and Magnetawan River points.

Going Oct. 25th to Nov. 6th
RETURN LIMIT DEC. 8, 1906, FOR ALL TICKETS.

For tickets and full information call at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets.

October Days

CALEDONIA SPRINGS, Ont.

are among the most delightful of the year.

The C. P. R. Winter Hotel, rebuilt and newly furnished, will be open for guests all winter. The Baths will be as convenient as ever; attendance and cuisine perfect.

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A Woman's Duty is to be Beautiful

And the next and most important thing to health is the Hair. If one's health is perfect the hair will appear healthy in proportion. If not the hair will surely reflect it. If the hair is abundant, means must be sought to preserve it, if it has become thin or prematurely grey, steps must be taken to effect a remedy.

THE PEMBER STORE

Known in every well groomed woman's home as the most reliable hair establishment in Canada, is prepared at all times to render successful and scientific treatment to the hair. Our hair dressing is a delight, and our shampooing and hair and scalp treatments refreshing and eminently beneficial. In the highest grade of dainty Pompadour Bangs, Waves, Switches and Semi-Transformations, all made from beautiful Natural, Wavy Hair, we are without a peer, as a single visit will easily and thoroughly demonstrate. Hair Ornaments, Combs, and Toilet preparations. Gentlemen's Toupes and Wigs.

Very moderate prices.
Highest class of hair goods.

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Carpets taken up, cleaned and re-laid.

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Massey Hall Collection

of OPIENTAL RUGS, CARPETS, PORTIERES, ANTIQUE BRASSWARE, Etc.

This magnificent collection recently displayed in Massey Hall, and afterwards transferred to our Art Rooms, is selling fast.

To clear them out, we are allowing them to go at prices corresponding to those obtained at the sale.

We extend a cordial invitation to our patrons throughout Canada and all interested in genuine Oriental Art, to visit and make selection.

Mail orders are given our prompt attention.

Courian, Babayan & Co.
40-44 King St. East



THE MOTHER

must have reserve strength, sound appetite, a good digestion—a perfectly-regulated system.

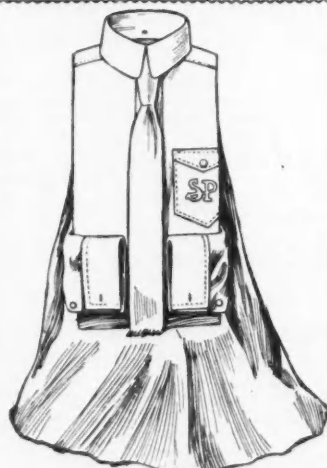
Wilson's Invalids' Port

gives a luxuriance of healthful vigour, making the period of motherhood beautiful and happy.

The delicate organs are reinforced and the blood purified and enriched by the cinchona bark in this best of tonics.

Three glasses daily work wonders for tired mothers.

All Druggists



Shipment of.....

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To Your Order

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The Shirt Maker 101 Yonge St.

Genius

has been defined as the "art of taking pains." This aptly illustrates the methods we employ in tailoring to achieve the results we secure. Could you know the painstaking care we devote to the production of every suit or overcoat that leaves our premises, 'twould be easy for you to understand our unique position in the tailoring world.

REGAN & McCONKEY

42 East King Street
Opposite King Edward Hotel

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Barrow and Mr. Christopher McRae of Vancouver, B.C. The marriage will take place the early part of November.

The Harmonic Club will open the season with its first dance at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, Tuesday, October 23. An energetic committee has busied itself in the preparation for the opening dance, which is being eagerly anticipated by the members of the club.

Mrs. Carleton and daughter, McKenzie avenue, Rosedale, leave to-day for a trip to Memphis, Tenn., and other Southern points.

Mrs. Conybeare, wife of the well-known K.C. of Lethbridge, paid a short visit to this city last week, leaving her two young daughters at Havergal and her son at the Upper Canada College. She will make a visit at New Orleans, where she will meet her husband, and return to Lethbridge the end of the month.

Mrs. A. E. W. Peterson, 107 Spadina road, will receive on Friday, October 19, and afterwards on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Mrs. Vernon H. Dennis Harvey will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 208 Delaware avenue, on Friday afternoon and evening, October 26, and afterwards on the first and second Wednesdays of each month.

The McGill University Rugby team were popular visitors in town on Saturday last. Among this splendid team of players was Mr. Frank A. Patrick, a very popular young Montrealer in social, college and athletic circles. He is one of the half-backs on the senior team. The McGill team will return later in the season for their postponed game.

Several of the Royal Military College Cadets of last year are on McGill's Rugby team, and they were much entertained by friends in town.

Mrs. William E. J. Dixon will receive in her new home, 103 Roxborough street east, on Tuesday next, October 23, and afterward every first and third Tuesday in the month.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones have returned from England.

Mr. Victor Butelle was in town this week, and registered at the King Edward.

Mr. and Mrs. George Massey of New York returned home on Tuesday, after a pleasant visit in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham have returned to town. Their palatial home in St. George street will not be completed for some time.

The flag at Lambton Golf Club was flying on Tuesday in honor of the wedding of Miss Rhona Adair, whose marriage to Captain Cuthell took place that day. Many good wishes went to the bride, who has so many friends here.

Mr. G. W. Johnson, formerly of Upper Canada College, is now travelling in North Africa.

Mrs. Eakins of Madison avenue is quite ill, and unable to acknowledge the many expressions of sympathy which followed the death of her husband.

Mrs. Donald McGillivray (nee Nelson) held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday at her mother's home, 70 St. Alban street. The pretty little matron wore her wedding dress of Liberty satin en train, with jupe of embroidered chiffon, and carried a bouquet of pink flowers.

Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa is giving a reception next Thursday afternoon.

Miss Marjorie McMahon of Kingston is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Edgar Doward, in Rosedale.

A branch of the United Empire Bank of Canada has been opened at Picton, under the management of Mr. A. Leslie.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.
FRANKLIN — At Grace Hospital, Tuesday, October 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Franklin E. West, 40 Bernard avenue, a son.
GRANT—Toronto, October 14, Mrs. F. W. Grant, a son.
GILCHRIST—Toronto, October 15, Mrs. William Gilchrist, a son.
MARTIN—Toronto, October 14, Mrs. W. A. Martin, a daughter.

Marriages.
ROBERTSON — HUNTER — At "Aedyn," Gilmour street, Peterboro, on Tuesday, October 16, 1906, by Rev. F. J. Scott, B.A., Harold Deeks Robertson, B.A., of Morrisburg, to Frances Genevieve, daughter of the late Dr. James Beverley Hunter of Detroit, and niece of the Hon. J. R. Stratton.
STOVEL—THRELKELD—Toronto, October 15, Ethel Threlkeld to H. Gordon Stovel.
WHITE—YELLOWLEES — Toronto, October 15, Margaret Veitch

New Fashions in Dineen Furs



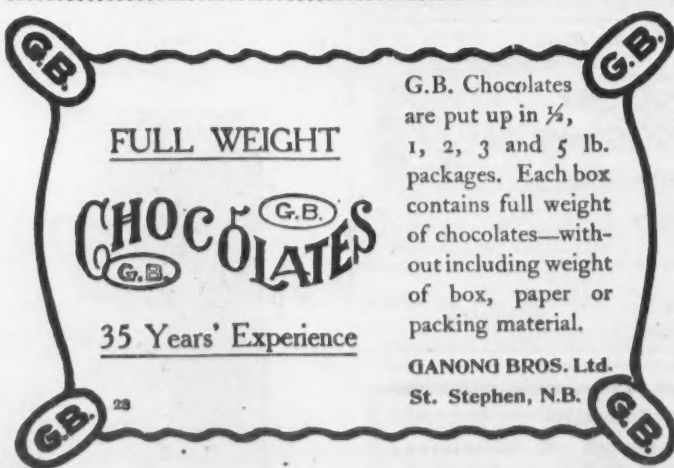
Nothing old or commonplace, but everything new and distinctly up-to-date. We claim the handsomest showing of really nice Furs within your reach. We don't charge extravagant prices but we make it worth your while to come back again and bring your friends.

We make garments to order in any desired style and guarantee the quality of all our Furs. Never any risk if you come to the right store. We use only the best selected skins and surround your buying with every possible protection.

Dineen's

Canada's Leading Furriers

140 YONGE STREET, - - - TORONTO



Yellowlees to Melville P. White.
Deaths.
COCKSHUTT — Montreal, October 12, Ellen Rachel Cockshutt of "The Cedars," Brantford.
ELLIS—Toronto, October 12, William Glynn Ellis, aged 20 years.
KIMMEL — Toronto, October 13, Walter Armand Kimmel, aged 15 years.
MONKHOUSE — Toronto, October 14, Mrs. John Monkhouse, aged 35 years.
WYLIE—Toronto, October 13, William Wylie, aged 92 years.

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32 CARLTON ST.
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Massage, Electricity, Swedish movements and facial massage. Patients treated at their residence if desired.
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4 Wellesley St. Telephone North 3362

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Will be a revelation
the kind that makes
more. "The
sensation to the
the listener."
such a Piano the
magnificent quality
beauty of it
become thin and
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It is built to last

Warehouses:
Piano



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We show
shoes that are
Fashion's
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button or lac
Ladies, c
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If You Are a Lover of
**Truly
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Will be a revelation to you. "It is the kind that makes you want to hear more." The kind that lends inspiration to the player and fascinates the listener. The better you know such a Piano the more you admire its magnificent qualities, and the beauty of it all is, it CAN'T become thin and metallic in a few years.

It is built to last a lifetime.

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to
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For \$3.50

We show a variety of ladies' shoes that are unequalled.
Fashion's stamp is on every pair.

Every detail of leather, shape and skilled shoemaking has been directed toward producing

**The handsomest,
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and durable
Woman's \$3.50 Shoe**

ever sold for the money.

The smartest lasts, the best leathers, the most stylish heels, button or lace.

Ladies, come to see these shoes. They'll tell their own story better than we can.

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THOROUGHLY.

At the Berlitz School for Modern Languages, Toronto Conservatory of Music, College Street.

GUY DE LESTARD,
Principal.

Also German, Spanish and Italian.

Society at the Capital

THE first large and what may be termed "brilliant" social function of the season was given on Monday evening by Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier at their home, which took the form of a most charming reception for the nine Provincial Premiers who are attending the conference now in session here, and the other prominent provincial officials who accompanied them to the Capital. The handsome, large rooms in the Premier's residence were lavishly adorned with American Beauty roses, placed about in tall vases of cut-glass, the spacious hall being patriotically decorated with British and Canadian flags gracefully draped on the walls and staircase. Although the weather was not up to the usual standard of the beautiful days and nights we have been enjoying of late, yet a very large number of guests assembled to avail themselves of the dual attraction of greeting our distinguished visiting politicians, and again welcoming the Premier and his charming wife at the outset of another season. Lady Laurier was assisted in receiving by Madame Rudolphe Lemieux of Montreal, wife of the Postmaster-General, and Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, wife of the Minister of Justice. Lady Laurier wore a very handsome gown of black Chantilly lace, over rich black silk, with cream lace trimmings, and a diamond necklace and ornaments. Madame Lemieux's gown was a superb creation of Irish lace over cream satin, and Mrs. Aylesworth looked extremely well in white brocade, with rose point trimmings and diamond and emerald necklace. An orchestra was stationed in an alcove off the stairway, and played exceedingly well, and Miss Mamie Babin accompanied by M. Tremblay, sang most charmingly several times during the evening. Among the visitors from the various provinces were: Hon. Mr. Whitney, Hon. Mr. Lomer Gouin, Hon. Mr. Murray, Hon. Mr. Tweedie, Hon. Mr. MacBride, Hon. Mr. Peters, Hon. Mr. Scott, Hon. Mr. Roblin and Hon. Mr. Rutherford, Attorney-General Foy, Attorney-General Pugsley, Attorney-General Campbell, Attorney-General Cross, Hon. Mr. Weir, Hon. Mr. Calder and Hon. Mr. Hughes. Mrs. Cross and Mrs. MacBride accompanied their husbands on their trip to the Capital.

All the ladies wore exceptionally handsome gowns, a few of which were as follows: Mrs. Hanbury-Williams' costume was of pastel blue Liberty silk, and she wore a magnificent diamond necklace and other ornaments. Mrs. R. L. Borden wore a Princess gown of pale blue panne velvet, diamond and opal jewels. Mrs. Thomas Ahearn's gown was an exceedingly handsome one of black velvet, with trimmings of old rose point lace, and she wore pearls and diamond ornaments. Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar wore a very becoming gown of black jetted Brussels net over white satin, and diamond ornaments. Miss Netherlands, a visitor from Kentucky, who is with Mrs. Maxwell Graham, was gowned in rich cream lace over cream satin.

The Premiers were the specially honored guests at several more gatherings during their stay in the Capital, some semi-official and others wholly social. The Canadian Club entertained them, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier at a sumptuous banquet at the Russell House on Tuesday evening. Hon. Sydney Fisher gave a luncheon on Tuesday for them, when covers were laid for ten, and on Wednesday evening the same indefatigable host entertained them at a box-party at the Russell Theatre, when Wil-

lard's presentation of "The Professor's Love Story" was much enjoyed by all.

A week of Willard at the Russell Theatre was a great treat during the past week, and gave opportunities for many congenial box-parties on the various evenings. On Wednesday evening Mrs. Cross of Edmonton gave one of those delightful little affairs, in special honor of the Misses Oliver, who, it will be remembered, were former "Edmontonians," and the other guests were Mrs. Roy, Mrs. Ormond Haycock and Mrs. Percy Aylwin. On Thursday evening the presentation, for the first time, of "The Newcomes" brought out a very large and fashionable audience, and the boxes were well patronized. In one Mrs. Fitzpatrick had a party of young people, among whom were Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Edith Fielding and Mr. Alec Hill. Mr. and Mrs. James MacLaren were in a second, their group including Miss Helen Coulter, Miss Carrie MacLaren, Mr. Dey Finnie and Mr. Ainsley Greene. Mrs. Fielding and a party of young people occupied a third box.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey and suite, will arrive in the city on Tuesday from British Columbia and other points in the West, and with their presence in our midst again, and with an early session in view, a very gay season is being looked forward to.

Captain Gerald Trotter, who has been an A.D.C. at Government House for the past two years, left on Wednesday for Montreal, whence he sailed the following day by the "Victorian" to rejoin his regiment in England.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, October 15.

Autumn Dresses.

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow,
And the aster in the fold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold.

When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping like the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge,
With the whistle of the quail.

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who still is dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary winds are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can see her on the hill,
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and heaven
Meet and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew—
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think when days are sweetest
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometimes steal upon me
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to meet her, ah! to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast,
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last;
That were bliss upon our meetings
In the autumn of the past.
—Bayard Taylor.

NO DAWDLING

A Man of 70 After Finding Coffee
Hurt Him, Stopped Short.

When a man has lived to be 70 years old, with a 40-year-old habit grown to him like a knot on a tree, chances are he'll stick to the habit till he dies.

But occasionally the spirit of youth and determination remains in some men to the last day of their lives. When such men do find any habit of life has been doing them harm, they surprise the Oslerites by a degree of will power that is supposed to belong to men under 40, only.

"I had been a user of coffee until three years ago—a period of 40 years—and am now 70," writes a N. Dak. man. "I was extremely nervous and debilitated, and saw plainly that I must make a change.

"I am thankful to say I had the nerve to quit coffee at once and take on Postum without any dawdling, and experienced no ill effects. On the contrary, I commenced to gain, losing my nervousness within two months, also gaining strength and health otherwise.

"For a man of my age I am very well and hearty. I sometimes meet persons who have not made their Postum right and don't like it. But I tell them to hold it long enough, and call their attention to my looks now, and before I used it, that seems convincing.

"Now, when I have writing to do, or long columns of figures to cast up, I feel equal to it and can get through my work without the fagged out feeling of old." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

Mr. Dooley on the Printed Word.

"Th' printed wurrd! What can I do against it? I can buy a gun to protect me against me inimy. I can change me name to save me fr'm th' gran' jury. But there's no escape fr' good man or bad fr'm th' printed wurrd. It follows me wherever I go an' strikes me down in church, in me office, in me very home. There was me frind, Jawn D. Three years ago he seemed insured against punishment aether here or hereafter. A happy man, a religious man. He had squared th' ligislaclures, th' courts, th' pollyticians an' th' Baptist clargy. He saw th' dollars hoppin' out iv' very lumpy chimbly in th' wurrd an' hurryin' to'rd him. His heart was pure seerin' that he had never done wrong save in th' way iv' business. His head was hairless but unbowd. Ivry Mondah mornin' I read iv' him leadin' a chorus iv' 'Onward Christyan sogers marchin' fr' th' stuff.' He was at peace with th' wurrd, th' flesh an' th' divle. A good man! What cud harm him? An' so it seemed he might proceed to th' grave whin, lo an' behold, up in his path leaps a lady with a pen in hand an' off goes Jawn D. fr' th' tall timbers. A lady, mind ye, dips a pen into an inkwell! there's an explosion an' what's left iv' Jawn D. an' his power wudden't frighten crows away fr'm a corn field. Who's afraid iv' Rockyfeller now? Th' Prisdint hits him a kick, a counthry grand jury indicts him, a golf caddy overcharges him an' whin he come back fr'm Europe he has as many polismen to meet him on th' pier as Doc Owens. A year ago, annybody wud take his money. Now if he want-



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The New Winter Styles

THIS illustration shows two of the most attractive winter models—the 44-inch box coat and the 50-inch slightly form-fitting coat. You can make no mistake in choosing either.

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ed to give it even to Chancellor Day he'd have to meet him in a barn at midnight."—P. F. Dunne in "American Magazine" for October.

Woman's Pride in Her Hair.

Women have great times with their hair. If they visit in a dry climate they are sure to say when they come home: "My hair acted lovely; it did not come out of curl at all." If they go where it is damp they say when they come home: "It was the worst place for hair; my hair was as straight as a string all the time." Once in three or four weeks they wash their hair and then they tell each other how they cannot do a thing with their hair, as it has just been washed. For a week or two before it is washed they say it is a disgrace they do not wash their hair; that it is so sticky they cannot do a thing with it. The women are always telling each other they look horrid with their hair done low, or else they would not be seen with it done high. Their hair is either all coming out or else they cannot imagine what has happened, but it is coming in thick and "lovely." As they walk down the street the women are forever reaching for their back hair and catching up short locks with hairpins, or feeling to see if their hair is coming down. When they get in front of a mirror the very first thing the women look at is their hair and twitch it one way or the other. No matter what any woman has on her mind her hair takes first place.

The Punctual Mr. Skweezem.

An amusing anecdote is told of Mr. Rushan Skweezem, the eminent plutocrat and philanthropist. As is well known, he has never abandoned his early-formed habits of industry and close attention to business. It has been his custom to reach his works every morning at seven o'clock, and for a month or so he noticed that one of the employees was always there

when he arrived. Thinking that the man was attempting to play upon his admiration for those who are not afraid of work, he went to the factory at six-thirty one morning. The employee, however, was on duty. The following morning he went at six, and, to his great surprise, the employee was also there.

Determined to catch the man napping, Mr. Skweezem appeared the next morning at five. The working-man was on deck again! So, Mr. Skweezem continued to appear an hour earlier, until at last he came at three a.m.; but each time the employee was at his post. That day Mr. Skweezem went to his paymaster and said:

"Brown, raise the wages of that man I find at the works every morning. He is the most energetic man in our employ!"

"What man, sir?" asked Brown.

Mr. Skweezem described him.

"Why that is the night-watchman!" exclaimed the paymaster.

Needless to say, Mr. Skweezem did not raise the fellow's wages, but since then he tells the story with great gusto, frequently interrupting himself with hearty laughter.—"Judge."

On the Scent.

Crimson Rambler—Are you burning gasoline in dat automobile, mister?

Sparks—No, my friend; I'm trying alcohol just for an experiment!

Crimson Rambler—I thought so. Would you mind me hangin' on behind for a mile or so, jest fer de smell?—"Puck."

Grudge—That will be a fine marriage, a splendid alliance. The bride's father is rich. She just rolls in gold. The bridegroom is rich, too; he made a fortune in copper.

Bridge—That's not an alliance, it's an alloy.—Translated for "Tales" from "Le Rire."

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The Investor.

Continued from page 5.

of complaint. Perhaps the worst feature of the whole miserable business was the attempt of Lemieux and Baxter to wreck the morals of young Herbert, then under twenty-one, in order that they might have him completely under their control; for he it understood that without his consent they could not act. Finally, when the plot was discovered, Herbert had disappeared; and later it developed that he had been smuggled off by Jim Baxter in order that the boy might not tell what he knew. Later on, after a long search, Herbert was discovered masquerading in woman's clothes. He turned Queen's evidence and told what he knew of the wreckers and their doings. Ferdinand Lemieux was sentenced to three years, and the same was accorded to James Baxter. The depositors got 17 1-10 cents on the dollar, which was all that was left after the redemption of the bank's bills outstanding. Weir is dead, Baxter is dead, Ferdinand Lemieux is alive, and Herbert has disappeared from public view. All that are left are the seven thousand depositors who mourn their money, and curse those who stole it from them.

Big Money in This.

The Montreal Street Railway is to increase its capital stock by two million dollars. This stock will be issued at a premium of 75 per cent., which will give the road \$3,500,000. The issue will bring the paid-up capital up to \$9,000,000, which, considering its earning power and its future, is one of the most moderate capitalizations on the continent. The old time idea of \$50 shares will also be done away with after November 7, the day of the annual meeting. This is about the last of Montreal institutions to rearrange its shares on the generally accepted basis of \$100 par. In the old days shares were issued at all sorts of values; for instance, Montreal Gas was worth \$40 par, so that when a deal was made on the stock exchanges one had necessarily to purchase two and one-half shares in order to obtain the equivalent of \$100 par. This led to many mix-ups, and brokers spent hours in the aggregate endeavoring to explain to customers the ins and outs of the complicated question. To-day the market price of Montreal Street is 275, and people say it is high. Perhaps it is, but that is just what the public said back in 1895, when the stock was selling around 170. Even James Ross and L. J. Forget, the men who bought out the old City Passenger Railway with its antiquated cars and fat horses, and made an up-to-date electric system of it, had no idea what an enormous revenue earner they were taking into camp. The road put a round million into the pockets of James Ross, and another million, and perhaps more, to the credit of Senator Forget. The end is not yet, however, for, with the city, the system is bound to grow and expand, and we may all live to see the day that 275 for the stock will look as cheap as does 175 at this distance from the beginning of the system.

The earnings of the Dominion Park Company the past season amounted to \$244,000, which is nearly \$100,000 more than was estimated when the season opened last May. A dividend of 6 per cent. has been declared on the common stock. When it is considered that this stock went to the original holders for nothing—a sweetener with the bonds—it is not at all bad. The heavy gainers by the experiment are the Street Railway crowd, for it was largely their money that went into the concern. The same men will now try the experiment in Toronto, and the chances are that they will meet with like results.

Shirley Ogilvie, son of the late Senator A. W. Ogilvie, and the only one of the name now actively connected with the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, has been made a director of the company, taking the place of the late Senator Fulford. Since the reorganization Mr. Ogilvie has been actively engaged in the business, and he can now be counted upon as one of the moneyed business men of the younger generation. With G. W. Stephens and others of the younger men, he is interested in the Canadian Rubber Company, and is besides a stockholder in various other Canadian enterprises.

WESTERN MUSIC.

The Extraordinary Success Attained by the Winnipeg College of Music.

One of the most interesting calendars so common at this season is that of the Winnipeg College of Music. It is a concrete illustration of the growth of art appreciation in Western Canada, and to the many persons who imagine that wildness and wooliness are still the distinguishing characteristics of all the country west of Lake Superior, it will come as a surprise. Three years ago, the College was established with Mr. Frank Hotchkiss Osborn, the eminent vocal teacher, as director. The annual report shows a record that is most promising for the future of the institution. The artistic standard of the College is very high, and Mr. Osborn's undoubted artistic taste will do much to maintain the institution as a center of great importance to the West. Mr. Osborn has found the work of the past year very satisfactory, and even thoroughly enjoyable as he says in a letter to the firm of

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Last Steamer From Montreal for 1906 and Fast Steamer for Christmas.

Mr. S. J. Sharp, Western Passenger Agent C.P.R. Atlantic Steamship Service, has received advice that his company have arranged to despatch the "Lake Manitoba" from Montreal, November 24th. This will be the last sailing down the St. Lawrence for 1906.

The Company have also arranged to have the Flyer "Empress of Britain" leave St. John, N.B., December 15th, in order to arrive in Liverpool about December 22nd. This will give passengers a grand opportunity to reach home for Christmas.

West Shore Excursion to New York November 2nd and November 20th.

November 2nd and November 20th are dates of West Shore Railroad excursion to New York. Tickets will be \$9.00 for round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, good going above dates only, good for return 10 days. Particulars at 69 1-2 Yonge street. Telephone Main 4361.

"Fall Weddings."

The month of October is one of the most established months for weddings. It is well to be prepared for the work of the past year very satisfactory, and even thoroughly enjoyable as he says in a letter to the firm of

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, of this city. He says: "Dear Mr. Gourlay, I would extend to the firm my congratulations upon the results you have attained as piano makers. The Gourlay piano I have used this season has been a delight to me. After the severe test of nine months' constant usage, I find my early impressions fully sustained. It has unusual evenness of tone quality throughout its entire compass. I find it most responsive and its beautiful singing qualities enhance its value for my work. Superlatives seem determined to govern me as I write. I think, however, you will be pleased to know I compare it favorably with the Steinway pianos I used in New York and Philadelphia. It is refreshing to find so much of the ideal embodied in an instrument necessary to one's art, and I cannot restrain a feeling of personal rejoicing in the existence of the Gourlay piano." When musicians talk with such enthusiasm, ordinary people would do well to listen.

Victim of a Confidence Game.

Uncle Josh, fresh from Upcreek, had been inspecting the family ice-box. "Henry," he said, "you told me you was gittin' artificial ice. The feller that sells it to you is foolin' you. I've looked at it, and tetcht it, and if it ain't real ice, by gum, I never saw any."—Chicago "Tribune."

Went Fishing A-Horseback.

A somewhat novel method of fishing was employed by the "Pudding Sisters," whose experiences are given in "Outing" this month. They did their fishing on horseback, using two mounts, known as Grace and Ginger. The horse Grace had the added value of a training in trout-fishing, and fishing was good in the South Fork of the Snake, the trout-ranging from one to two pounds. Grace would work across the riffle, up to her sides, in the swift running water, while her rider cast a gray palmer with a yellow body up, down and across.

It was laughable to watch the horse when a fish was hooked. Slowly, patiently, cautiously, Grace would amble towards the shore, watching the frantic attempts of the fish to escape, stepping sideways in an effort to give her rider better chance to play it, and always sighing in apparent relief and satisfaction when the fish was finally landed.

That horse keenly enjoyed the sport. Ginger did fairly well, but had a bored air through the whole performance. The other horses would have none of it.

The deep water, the whipping of the rod, the swishing of the line, seemed to get on their nerves and they would plunge and snort and make for the shore just as a two pound

beauty was rising to the fly. The deep water and swift current made fishing on foot almost impossible.

Nests That Weigh Five Tons.

The largest birds' nests are to be found in Australia. The Australian jungle fowl build for nests great mounds fifteen feet in height and 125 or 150 feet in circumference. Grass, leaves and other vegetable matter are used in the construction of the nests, which easily weigh a ton.

The Australian bush turkeys, working in colonies, build pyramidal nests even larger. One of these nests, on being removed, filled seven carts, and its total weight was five tons.

Often so.

He—Marriage is a pottery. She—You mean a lottery, don't you?

He—No, I mean a pottery—a place for making family jars.—"Life."

Sworn Off.

"Well, Mary, I'm going to smoke these cigars you gave me last Christmas."

"I knew you would smoke them some time."

"I didn't think I ever would, but the doctor has just told me that I must not use tobacco any more.—Exchange.